TALKS WITH MY BOYS.

BY

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For Twenty Years Senior Principal of the English and Classical School, Providence, R. I.

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DEDICATION.

TO the three thousand boys whom I have had the pleasure of calling "my pupils" during the last thirty-eight years, especially to the two thousand who, within the past twenty-one years, have been members of *The English and Classical School*, Providence, R. I., — of all of whom I have the most pleasant recollections, and to all of whom, scattered, as they are, over the whole world, I desire to extend the most cordial and friendly greeting, — this little book is respectfully dedicated by their friend,

WILLIAM A. MOWRY.

PREFACE.

THIS little volume has grown out of the practical necessities of the school-room. During the past twenty years daily contact with from two hundred to three hundred boys has often brought the opportunity, and sometimes the necessity, for special moral and practical lessons not found in the regular lines of study.

It has been the author's intention, whenever these occasions have presented themselves, to frame truth in such a setting as to make it attractive and effective. There is a way of presenting a subject which obscures, confuses, and repels, utterly failing to win or convince; and there is another method which is agreeable and attractive, and which seldom fails to produce the desired effect. The occasion has much to do with the choice of the subject, and the circumstances largely govern the form of presentation.

No logical order or philosophical arrangement, and no special range of subjects has been followed, since the talks were given as occasion demanded or opportunity offered.

Young people excel in drawing inferences, and, ordinarily, there is little need to append to a story, after the manner of the ancient moralists, — *Hæc fabula docet.*

Some of these talks have appeared from time to time in *The Journal of Education*, several of them in *The Congregationalist*, and two or three others in different publications; the remainder have never before been printed.

Should the book aid any teacher in his efforts to present truth effectively to the young, especially should it serve to encourage any of the pupils in the schools to seek a higher life and a nobler ambition, the writer will feel amply repaid for his labor.

W. A. M.

Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 1, 1885.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	Concentration of Mind	9
II.	Concentration: How to acquire it .	16
III.	A Purpose in Life	25
IV.	"Black the Heels of your Boots" .	35
V.	Dogs and Boys	41
VI.	Elements of Success	57
VII.	What shall Boys do?	69
VIII.	President Garfield's Election and Death	81
IX.	President Garfield's Election and Death, *Concluded*	88
X.	What the Waterfalls said to me . .	98
XI.	Be Exact in Thought and Word . .	113
XII.	The Basket of Chip-Dirt	120
XIII.	Wendell Phillips: The Lesson of his Life	127

		PAGE
XIV.	The Phonograph	137
XV.	The Two Portraits	142
XVI.	The Election of President	148
XVII.	What do the Boys read?	163
XVIII.	The Presidents of the United States	170
XIX.	Facts and Dates in the Lives of Distinguished Men	180
XX.	Two Yankee Boys	189
XXI.	The Boyhood of Dr. Eliphalet Nott	199
XXII.	Practical Christianity	206
XXIII.	Habits of Industry	210
XXIV.	A Lesson from History	227
XXV.	What Geometry will do for a Boy .	243
XXVI.	The Fall of Richmond	250
XXVII.	The End of the Year. — A Christmas Scene	259

TALKS WITH MY BOYS.

I.

CONCENTRATION OF MIND.

IT is snowing this morning, for the first time this fall. That is a reminder that winter, with its long evenings and keen, bracing air, is near at hand. This is the season for hard study. Now, I have something to suggest to you, this morning, boys. Of late I have often heard some of you say, "I cannot get my lessons; they are too hard; they take too much time; I have to study three and four hours out of school." In these cases I have observed what these lessons were, and have generally been satisfied that they were not too long nor too difficult. In most instances the

same lessons were well learned by *some* members of the class, without unusual or unreasonable hours of study. I wish to tell you, therefore, how you may get these lessons without spending too much time in studying them.

It is related of a distinguished man, one of the first scholars of America at the present day, that, when he was fitting for college, he found himself spending two hours a day in preparing his Latin lesson. He determined that he would get that lesson in an hour and fifty minutes. The next day, and subsequent days, when he sat down to learn his Latin, he bent every energy to accomplish it in the shortest possible time. He found by daily trials that he was getting it in an hour and forty-five minutes, and that the time required was growing daily a little less. Concentrating all his powers upon the task, day by day, he soon found

himself spending only an hour and a half upon it, then fifteen minutes less, and soon mastering it in an hour; and, continuing his efforts, within a few months the daily lesson could be learned in less than half an hour! a thing absolutely impossible with his habits of study at the beginning of his efforts. But, meantime, he had done something more than to get his Latin lesson daily in a shorter period of time. He had *acquired a different habit of study.* He had learned something of the value of the *power of concentration.* His philosophical mind formulated it in this way: "The acquisition of *power* is of more value than the acquisition of *knowledge.*"

Many years ago, in Northern Massachusetts, a young lad of about fifteen years had acquired such a habit of intense concentration of mind that he won a boyish wager with some of his school-fellows in this

way. Seven long stanzas of poetry were given him to learn in twenty minutes, while the boys were permitted to use all their efforts to disturb and disconcert him, except they were not to touch him. He commenced, and they kept up a most unearthly din about his ears; but all to no purpose. He was totally oblivious to anything going on around him. His whole mind was concentrated upon the task of committing to memory those verses, and before the twenty minutes were up he had them so thoroughly fixed that he could recall them with ease years afterward. This lad was the Hon. George S. Boutwell, afterward governor of Massachusetts, secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, United States senator, and secretary of the United States treasury.

Horace Greeley was remarkable for his power of concentration of mind. It is stated

that when an immense procession, with bands of music, was passing up Broadway, the streets lined with people to the number of many thousands, he would sit down upon the steps of the Astor House, and, using the top of his hat for a writing-table, he would write out in full one of those strong, terse, pungent editorials which rendered the *Tribune* so famous during his palmy days.

I have heard another incident in relation to his power of writing under disturbing circumstances. An article in the paper had given great offence to a certain gentleman, who immediately upon reading it went straight down the street, and calling at the office of the *Tribune*, inquired for the editor. He was shown into a little seven-by-nine sanctum, where Mr. Greeley sat, with his head down close to his paper, scribbling away at a two-forty rate. The angry man began by asking if this was Mr. Greeley.

"Yes, sir. What do you want?" says the editor, quickly, without once looking up from his paper. The irate visitor then began to use his tongue, with no reference to the rules of propriety, good breeding, or reason. Meantime, Mr. Greeley continued to write. Page after page was dashed off in the most impetuous style, with no change of features, and without paying the slightest attention to the visitor. Finally, after about twenty minutes of the most impassioned scolding ever poured out in an editor's office, the angry man became disgusted, and abruptly turned and walked out of the room. Then, for the first time, Mr. Greeley quickly looked up, rose from his chair, and slapping the gentleman familiarly on his shoulder, in a pleasant tone of voice said: "Don't go, friend; sit down, sit down, and free your mind; it will do you good, — you will feel better for it. Besides, it helps me

to think what I am to write about. Don't go."

Sir Isaac Newton, near the close of his life, said to a friend, "If I have accomplished anything above the average of men, it has been by the power of patient work."

If your school proves of any value to you, boys, it will be, not by giving you an opportunity to acquire knowledge, but to acquire *power* by daily labor. And this will come to you mainly from your acquiring, by dint of dogged will and determination, *the power of concentration*. It will give you the power to *do*, — to *bring it to pass*, — which will be of more value to you than gold. It is an indispensable element of success.

Remember, then, that the "acquisition of *power* is of more value than the acquisition of *knowledge*." It is the man of great wisdom who says, in the sacred Scriptures, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

II.

CONCENTRATION: HOW TO ACQUIRE IT.

YOU have shown by your questions that you appreciate the value and the necessity of the power of concentration of the mind, but some of you fail to see how it can be secured. We shall have time for but a few of the questions this morning.

Question I. — "Can the power to concentrate the mind upon one subject be cultivated to any great extent? Do not different persons differ radically by nature in respect to this power?"

Question II. — "How can the power to think upon one subject, to the exclusion of irrelevant thoughts, be acquired? Is not this power of slow growth?"

Question III. — "DEAR TEACHER: I liked your remarks this morning about the power of applying our minds to whatever we want to, but I for one cannot do it. I have tried again and again. It seems to me we are subject to fits and moods, and when we can we *can*, and when we can't we *can't*, and there is the end of it. At any rate, that is my case.

"Now, last Saturday, I wrote my essay nearly all at one sitting, but I could not do it again. I had been at work on it for many days and had accomplished but little. Saturday I was going away with Cyrus, and, just as I was ready to start, he came over to say that his brother had come, and therefore he could not go. So, having nothing else to do, I sat down to try my essay. The thoughts came faster than I could write them down, and in an hour or two I had it nearly finished. True, I had to prune and trim it

afterwards, and, of course, I am not vain enough to suppose that the thoughts after all were worth anything. The paper had no particular merit, but it was good for me. It was better than I had thought I could do; better than I could have done by any ordinary process. Now, is not the mind subject to fits and moods? and when the mood is on we can succeed, but if it is not on we work in vain. THOMAS."

These three questions represent nearly all I have received. If I can answer them satisfactorily, I am sure you will find the time well spent.

Let us take the third first. Yes, the mind is subject to fits and moods; but we can cultivate the moods. We can *train the mind* to work or not to work. The thing for us to do is so to train and school and discipline the mind that it will do our bidding. In

other words, that the *will* shall govern and control *all* the powers. You will observe that when Saturday had come the burden of the week's lessons was off. Thomas's mind was free and elastic; then, when Cyrus could not go, nothing was left for Thomas to think about but that essay. The circumstances were favorable to the entire concentration of the mind's powers. The case illustrates, at least, that when the mind is thus concentrated it acts with far greater power and success than otherwise. The question that concerns us especially is how to secure this power, how to cultivate the habit.

1. In the first place, you must exercise the *full power of the will.* By this I mean that you must be determined to bring it to pass. A student who cares but little whether he succeeds or not, will not succeed. It is the determination, the absolute will-force, that finds a way or makes a way.

You will be surprised, by a little practice, to see to what an extent this power may be increased. Try it, and see for yourselves.

2. In the next place you must be *methodical*. Every lesson should have its own time. If you try to learn your algebra or your Greek to-day at nine o'clock, and to-morrow at twelve, and the next day at three, and so on, you will be lifting on the short arm of the lever. The power, then, must be greater than the weight, and, in this case, it never is so; consequently, the lesson is not learned. Have a set time every day for the same lesson, and adhere to it. Then again, if possible, have the same place in which to study, the same chair to sit in, and the same desk, in the same corner, and get your lesson from the same book.

3. Learn by trial what circumstances are favorable and what unfavorable, and, turning aside from the less favorable, put yourself,

so far as practicable, under the influence of the most promising conditions. For example, some will study better sitting, others standing; some in the morning or in the evening; some alone, others, possibly, in company; some long before the lesson is to be recited, others immediately before the recitation; some can learn faster by studying aloud, others in the most perfect silence; some can learn mathematics best in the morning, others in the evening; some take their memory studies early in the day, some later. Now, whatever moods you can find yourself subject to, cultivate all favorable circumstances.

4. Then, if you are committing to memory, much aid is found in writing out the points to be remembered. The use of the pen or pencil is essential in fixing thoughts in the mind.

5. Learn effectually, I pray you, the

secret of self-dependence. Do not lean upon any one. Stand erect by your own power. Whatever lesson you have to learn, rely upon yourself, and not seek the aid of your sisters or aunts.

The true office of education is to discipline and develop the powers of the mind. It is to give power, not to learn facts; and he who has learned how to get a lesson in an hour that previously had taken two hours has made no small acquisition.

One of the greatest benefits to be derived from a course of school training is in acquiring the *power to bring things to pass;* to secure the habit of accomplishing your undertakings. He can because he *thinks* he can, feels sure he can, has learned to trust in himself, believe in himself, rely upon himself, is the true translation of "*Possunt, quia posse videntur.*"

It is related of two monks that one of

them expressed to the other his regrets that he could not say his prayers without his thoughts wandering to other topics. His brother thought that was unnecessary. He was not troubled in that way.

"Are n't you?" said the other. "Well, if you will recite the *Pater Noster* without harboring any thought but that expressed by the words of the prayer, I will give you my horse."

"Agreed," said his brother; and, sinking on his knees, he began: "'*Pater noster, qui es in cœlis, sanctificetur nomen tuum.*'" I wonder if he will give me the saddle, thought the monk.

"Ah, brother, I was mistaken; I trusted unwisely in my own powers. I cannot do it."

Nevertheless, the lesson was not lost upon him, but applying himself to the task, he soon acquired such a power of concentration

as to become an earnest, devout monk, and finally a great scholar with a world-wide reputation. Promptness, punctuality, determination, and correct habits of study and work will give you the victory.

III.

A PURPOSE IN LIFE.

RECENTLY was carried to the grave all that remained of the Hon. Samuel G. Arnold, LL. D. He was the author of the "History of Rhode Island," in two large octavo volumes, containing nearly six hundred pages each. At the funeral services addresses were made by Rev. Dr. Robinson, president of Brown University, Rev. Dr. Caldwell, formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church, and Rev. Dr. Hague, who was pastor of the same church when Dr. Arnold was a boy. I desire to call attention to the address of Dr. Hague.

"The occasion which calls us together to-day is to pay love and honor to our

departed friend. There is nothing that so touches the deepest fountains of feeling in our nature, and calls forth from all, young and old, the sentiment of genuine sorrow as an occasion like this. For me the occasion, associated as it is with remembrances of a dim half-century, and taking in the scope of the characteristics of his boyhood, of its beginning and developments, to me it is bewildering. My first knowledge of my departed friend was in the year 1828, when I, a student from a theological seminary, transferred my relations to Newton, and when, nine years after, I was called to this pulpit by the illness of Dr. Gano. He was then a boy of sixteen years of age, and as regular an attendant on worship as any member of the church. He was then strongly intellectual, and could discuss any topic, and often used to speak to me about my sermons. What interested me in him

at that time was the prophecy of power, a clear ideal already formulated of what he was to become. At the age of seventeen he was perfectly familiar with the history of Rhode Island, and understood her marine interests, and could elucidate the questions as well as any man in the state. When a young boy his plans of life were formed, for his love for his state prompted him to become its future historian. In the ten months in which he and I were companions in Europe, I had good opportunities to learn his character. I can surely say of him that he was a lovable companion, praiseworthy and reliable. Before leaving home he was troubled with malarial fever, and in consequence was very weak. I have often said to him when he was writing, 'Drop your pen and rest.' But he would reply, 'I cannot rest until I have finished this letter to my mother.'

"There was another secret of his power: he was a man of integrity, with a large heart and a noble spirit. After his return from Europe the second time, he devoted ten years of his life to labor and toil in writing the history of his state. I have only to say to you, young men of Providence here, that while you bid farewell to these remains, you must remember that the sources of his power were recognized in his youth and in his boyhood. And, although a distinguished biographer says that it is a characteristic with American youth to wander aimlessly along, yet, when we think of our deceased friend, we can say there are some exceptions; and in doing this it makes our souls bound with joy, for we can yet think there is still some hope for our future. As expressive of that ideal which our friend who has departed realized, I would commend to the attention of the

young men here present, some lines with which I closed the second centennial historical address of this church on Nov. 7, 1839:

"'Some high but humble
Enterprise of good contemplate
Till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
Bind thy whole soul to this thy purpose,
And thou an angel's happiness may know,
May bless the earth while in the world above.
The good begun by us shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow.'"

What a beautiful tribute to the boy that he remembers so well for fifty years! Observe what he says: "A boy sixteen years of age, and as regular an attendant on worship as any member of the church. . . . What interested me in him at that time was the prophecy of power, *a clear ideal already formulated of what he was to become.* At the age of seventeen he was familiar with the history of Rhode Island, under-

stood her marine interests, and could elucidate the questions as well as any man in the state. *When a young boy his plans in life were formed.*" How well he carried out those plans!

And is it true that "it is a characteristic with American youth to *wander aimlessly along*"? If so, it is high time the error was corrected. "*Aimlessly!*" "*Wander aimlessly!*" What, with *no purpose;* shifting as the wind, ebbing and flowing as the tide? Indeed, I greatly fear this is true of too many "American youth" of to-day.

Dr. Arnold had in early life the firm, fixed purpose to write the history of his native state, — a state small in area, but having a history of importance to the world. He lived to carry out that purpose, and the execution of his plan has brought great credit to himself and his native state.

It is not possible for every boy to know at

sixteen just what particular thing he is to do in life, but every one ought to have some purpose, some laudable ambition, some high ideal, and then strive to attain to it. One of your number asked me the other day, if I thought every young man could become what he *chose* to be. That was really asking whether the old adage is true, "Where there 's a will there 's a way." Did you ever know an aphorism of the ages that was not based on a deep truth? "Find a way or make a way." In an important sense the adage is true ; but the will must be full, thorough, complete. It must permeate every fiber of the boy's constitution. It must be permanent and reliable. It must not be ephemeral, superficial, or half-hearted. It presupposes some knowledge of the difficulties in the way, and a contempt for them as difficulties. The *means* are essential to secure the *end*. We cannot sit down,

Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up, to put us in the place we wish to occupy. If one wishes to become a rich man, he must make up his mind to hard labor, early and late, year after year, till the result is reached; he must earn and he must save every penny possible. Read the life of John Jacob Astor or Stephen Girard, if you wish to learn the way to wealth. Is it your ambition to be learned, or eloquent, or honored? You must desire it with all your soul, and strive for it as for dear life; and you must not get discouraged as the years pass by. But you must have that kind of an ambition which will admit of no refusal; it must be discouraged by no obstacles, thwarted by no misfortunes, weakened by no reverses. That kind of a purpose and perseverance is what *men* are made of. I have heard it stated that Lord Beaconsfield in his boyhood aspired to the first place in

the English government, and so he attained it. The story probably has no truth in it, and yet has underneath it a truth worth more than if it were true. You need have no childish wish to become the President of the United States, for generally he who strives after the place will never get it. The adage, "The dark horse will win," has a deal of truth in it. But you *can* and you *ought* to have a high and laudable ambition to prepare yourself for *manhood*, and for the duties which manhood shall bring to you.

Few men, perhaps, like Gov. Arnold, can form so definite a purpose as he did in early life, and carry it out. But if one will discipline his mind by honor, fidelity, reliability, by industry and perseverance; if he can, by mere *force of will*, learn his lessons faithfully day by day, and by that habit of industrious faithfulness get control of the will, so that it shall do his bidding, — then, indeed,

has he prepared himself for success in whatever field circumstances, over which, often, we have but little control, shall assign him his lot and task.

To guide your lives aright, remember the following apt rules which have come down to us from the ages : —

1. "*Festina lente.*"
2. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."
3. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."
4. "Patience and perseverance accomplish wonders."
5. "What man has done, man can do."
6. "In the *morning* sow thy seed."
7. "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day."
8. "Providence helps those who help themselves."
9. "He that by the plow would thrive
   Himself must either hold or drive."
10. "Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
    Is our destined end or way;
    But *to act* that each to-morrow
    Find us farther than to-day."

IV.

BLACK THE HEELS OF YOUR BOOTS.

ONE day, when I was in college, I heard a young lady say, "I don't think much of college fellows."

To my query as to the grounds of so singular an opinion, she replied, —

"They do not black the heels of their boots."

When I protested that that charge could not be true of them all, she responded, —

"Oh, no, I suppose not; but the exception proves the rule. I have noticed that most of them only black the front part of their boots; and they like reversible collars and cuffs."

I went away absorbed in a brown study.

The philosophy of these reflections seemed to adjust itself in the form of two queries: —

1. Is the statement true?
2. If so, what of it?

The second query appeared to be of the greater importance. What if a man does not black the heels of his boots? What does it indicate? I have never ceased to moralize upon this question. What sort of a man is he who does not black the heels of his boots? What is the moral influence of "reversible cuffs and collars"? I was reminded of the old story that the Greeks, in building a temple for worship, took as great pains to finish neatly and completely all those parts of the temple which were concealed from human eyes as those plainly in sight of all men. The reason assigned was, "The gods see everywhere."

Indeed! is that true? Do the gods see everywhere? Then what is the opinion of

the gods concerning "putty" and "varnish"? Do these hide a multitude of sins *from them;* or really have they the power of seeing behind the "putty" and "varnish"? Can God see a boy playing ball in a back yard on Sunday, in spite of the high fence? Does He see the letters that a merchant writes in his office on Sunday afternoon, with the curtains down and the blinds closed? Does He see where stolen goods are secreted?

"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." What does this mean? What is the extent of its significance? What is the limit of it? How much would there be left of this world if all the putty and varnish were taken out of it? Veneering is a wonderful art; but then it is a modern art.

A statesman, on being told that the Empress Eugenie wore paste diamonds, replied, "That is consistent with the character of the

reign of her husband, Napoleon III." Was that true? Is this an age of shoddy? Who invented *flocks*, as used under the fifth meaning of the word in Webster's dictionary, viz., "The refuse of cotton and wool"? How rapidly the use of the word "shoddy" has increased within twenty years!

What is the meaning of *Attleboro jewelry*, gold wash, gold plate, fire gilt, nickel silver, single plate, double plate, triple plate, sugar-coated, wooden hams, wooden shoe-pegs, and wooden oats, straw paper, wood paper? Imitations, shams, pretence, appearances, deceptions! Split peas for coffee, turnips for horse-radish, sand in sugar, glucose in molasses, powdered limestone in flour, cotton sold for linen and for silk! What inventions! What sagacity in man! How our vocabulary, even, has of late been enriched! Is not this the age of shoddy; the period of putty, varnish, and veneering?

If Diogones needed a candle in his time to aid him in his search for an honest man, surely in these days he would want to carry about with him the most powerful electric light and a microscope. But does it pay? Does it pay to be false? "An honest man is the noblest work of God." "Honesty is the best policy"; not because it is policy, but because it is *honesty*. "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom."

All who have made human life a study, know full well that truth, honesty, thoroughness, *the solid gold of conduct*, pay infinitely better than sham, shoddy, and simulation. It is very plain that broadcloth is more durable than satinet, and that hickory makes a better mallet than soft pine or poplar.

My young friends, habits, when once put on and worn till they fit, are difficult to shake

off. When cheating, veneering, exaggeration, varnishing, pretence, and simulation have once acquired common usage, it is exceedingly difficult to cultivate the hardier virtues of honesty, solidity, and downright truthfulness. Beware of the beginnings of evil. The first lie is like the small break in the dike. Be honest through and through. Form no partnership with secret sins. Avoid cant and make-believe. Be ingenuous and wholly honest. "Black the heels of your boots."

V.

DOGS AND BOYS.

DID you ever think how much like boys dogs are? Perhaps you think they are not much alike. If so, it may be only because you have not carefully considered the points in which they are similar.

Let us, then, first try to find out in what ways dogs and animals generally are like boys or mankind.

1. In the first place dogs have the faculties of perception, like men. They smell, taste, hear, feel, and see as well or better than any of us. What a wonderfully acute sense of smell they have! A friend of mine had a dog, which was generally confined at home when the master went down

town, but one day he broke away and took the scent, looking for his master. He followed him by a circuitous route, through many different streets, until he came to the building where the master was. Here he followed him up-stairs, and through several rooms, till he stopped at a closed door. When this door was opened he went in and found his master, and exhibited great joy at his success. We cannot, for a moment, pretend to equal the dog in the acuteness of our sense of smell. And what a keen, quick, intelligent eye a dog has!

2. They have consciousness, and here we must include attention and reflection as well.

3. Then they are endowed with memory, which faculty closely resembles the same attribute in mankind.

These three sets of powers, dogs and the higher animals generally plainly enjoy in

common with human beings. No argument is needed to prove it. It is not usually denied.

4. But they have, also, the *reasoning faculty*. Many remarkable stories are told to illustrate this statement. Take up any book of anecdotes of dogs, or horses, or elephants, and you will find it filled with incidents which prove that these animals *reason*, and that they reason with much force and sagacity. I have time to give you but one instance, which I believe has never been published.

A friend of mine had a large, shaggy dog, of native breed. One day this dog accompanied his master to a town half a dozen miles away. On his return, just as they entered a village two miles from home, Carlo found a nice bit of fresh meat, which had probably dropped out of a butcher's cart as it passed over the rough, stony road.

The dog, of course, picked up the meat, and carried it along in his mouth. But, now, to his logical powers there appeared a difficulty. He must soon pass through the village, where, as he well knew, there lived many naughty, unprincipled, selfish, hungry curs, not one of which was his particular friend. These hungry dogs would discover his prize, and would at once be seized with an uncontrollable desire to possess it. They would all join in an attack upon Carlo, and, in defending himself, he would be obliged to drop the meat, and some lucky fellow would immediately snatch it up and run away with it. At any rate, though he did not *say* as much, these thoughts appeared to run through Carlo's head, and he *at once acted upon them.*

As he passed up the hill, just entering the village, he found by the roadside a large piece of heavy wrapping paper. After

spreading out its folds with his paws, he carefully laid upon it his choice piece of meat, folded over it the paper, first on this side, then on that, and then taking it in his mouth, he passed quietly through the village in safety. No one of the many dogs he chanced to meet appeared to suspect the precious burden he carried; and the wagging of his tail, after leaving the village behind him, manifested his own hearty appreciation of the success of his stratagem.

5. Need I stop to argue the question with you, that dogs have *imagination?* Is it not apparent to every one. Horses, too, sometimes fear what they *imagine* is an evil coming upon them, more than a real danger which seriously threatens them. You may, by playing upon the imagination of these faithful animals, deceive them and cause them to fear where there is no danger, but only the *suspicion* of danger.

6. I will not take time to prove that they are endowed with the ordinary passions, and appetites, and emotions, and sensibilities which characterize the human species. They love and hate, they fear and dread, they manifest anger and revenge, and often are skillful in inflicting punishment upon their tormentors.

We must conclude, therefore, that the higher orders of animals, nearest mankind, are possessed of the same physical nature, and have similar intellectual capacities. They may, perhaps, be considered quite similar to the human race, and the difference between boys and dogs may, therefore, appear to be rather difficult to define or even to discover.

But do not be deceived. Differences do exist, and they are very important ones. It is true that dogs have bodies, with feet, and eyes, and ears; they have minds and can

perceive, remember, and reason. The intellectual difference would appear one of degree rather than of kind. Yet one essential point of distinction is found just here.

1. *Whatever man learns he may transfer or transmit to the next generation.* Brutes cannot. If one invent a steam engine or a telephone, he can transmit the knowledge thus gained to those who come after, so that no one need waste time and thought in again inventing the same thing. Not so the dog. He can never transfer or transmit to another what he has learned. There may be an intellectual difference in dogs or horses, but it is one of degree rather than of kind. "Blood will tell" in the lower orders, as in man. The differences in breeds are as marked and as clearly manifest in animals as are families and races among mankind. But nothing can be found to contradict the statement made above, that brutes cannot

transmit intelligence. If a dog is taught a trick, his descendants must be taught it in just the same way.

2. But the great, the essential difference between the highest type of the brutes and the lowest man is the following: *Man everywhere has a conscience, the brute has none.* Man alone, of all the animal creation, is endowed with the *moral sense.* That moral sense is *conscience.*

But you say, "Animals have this moral sense."

"Do they?"

"Oh, yes; I have a dog that always shows it when he has done wrong. He will look sheepish, and show plainly that he knows he has done wrong, and expects a whipping. Then, when he is whipped, he will come up so penitently and lick your hand, as much as to say, 'I am very sorry, and won't do it again.'"

"Let us examine the case a little. What does he do? Give an example of his wrong doing."

"Oh, well, for instance, he will steal meat, when he can, and run away with it."

"You have whipped him for it repeatedly, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, let me suggest a change in your programme. You whip him for *not* stealing when he has a chance, and when he *does* steal praise him, and pat him on the head, and call him a good dog. Soon he will learn that you want him to steal, and expect him to do it. Then, when he has stolen a bit of meat he will bring it to you and wag his tail, expecting to be praised for his smartness. He will very soon forget that it is *wrong* to steal."

The truth of the matter is that he learns readily whether you wish and expect him to

steal or not. He does what he knows you wish and expect him to do. It is the whipping or the praise that he is looking for. He has no idea of the right and wrong in the case. This is shown conclusively in this way: There is no uniformity in the case of all dogs by which they are impelled to show apparent guilt or innocence, in every case, for some particular act, irrespective of previous training. That is, they may at any time be *taught* to look for a whipping for doing *any* particular act, in which case they will slink away looking guilty; or they may be taught to expect to be praised, in which case they will appear to have done a right and acceptable thing, and will expect to be commended for it, because they have received commendation before for the same act. They appeared guilty in the other case simply because a whipping had hitherto followed the act they had now done. Their

highest idea of right and wrong was simply rewards and punishments as an expected sequence of the act performed.

But what is conscience? Various definitions of this faculty have been given, and I suspect very erroneous ideas prevail extensively as to its office and functions. Many suppose conscience tells us *what is right;* but, unless I am greatly mistaken, this faculty has no power whatever to answer the question, "What is right?" or the other question, "What is wrong?" We determine what is right or what is wrong by judgment, our reason, our prejudices, our early education, and in various other ways. Conscience tells us two things: —

1. There is a *moral character* to voluntary actions. In other words, there is a right and there is a wrong. Some things (if we only knew what) are morally right, and other things are morally wrong; and this in the very nature of things.

2. There is a *moral responsibility*. We *ought* to do the right (when we have found out what *is* right), and we *ought* to avoid the wrong. It is the sense of "oughtness," as Joseph Cook calls it. We have this faculty to tell us that voluntary actions have a moral character; not to tell us what the moral character of a particular act is, but that it has a character, either right or wrong, and that when we have found out what this character is, we should then act accordingly. If it is *right* we should do it; if it is *wrong* we should not do it. Besides, conscience does one more thing for us:

3. It *approves us* when we have done what we believe to be *right*, and it *condemns us* when we have done what we believe to be *wrong*.

Accept this definition of conscience, and *it is always infallible*. The great mistake is in supposing that conscience tells us *what is*

right. A little thought will, I think, convince any one that people are much influenced in respect to what is right and what is wrong by their early training, by their surroundings, by what others in whom they confide believe to be right or wrong. But in their best estate and condition their true guide *should be* the dictates of their *reason and judgment.* In fact, the reason and judgment are given us to investigate, weigh the evidence, and determine the moral character of every act. Then, when these faculties have pronounced upon the quality of an act, the conscience steps up and says (if it be a good act), "Do it, do it; you *ought* to"; but if it is pronounced *wrong*, then, "Do *not* do it; you *ought not* to." When conscience has been obeyed it approves us, when violated it condemns us.

It follows, without saying, that we should exercise the utmost care to learn what is

right. We are too often influenced by prejudice and preconceived notions and biases. When we do not and cannot know, we accept the dictum of parents and teachers, and other friends, in whose judgment we have confidence. But whenever it is possible for us to do so, we *ought* to examine, investigate, exercise our reason, our judgment, "prove all things," and then "hold fast that which is *good*." I suppose I must add, that in many things we are all more or less influenced (especially women) in determining what is right or wrong by an intuition, which is not easily accounted for. And it is often found that the moral instincts are quite as reliable as the most profound convictions evolved from the careful utterances of reason. It is often said that in matters of conscience the first thought is the best and should be followed, but the second in matters of judgment. The obvious explanation

of this is that our reason is so easily warped and twisted by our desires, that we are apt to bring the judgment to coincide with our wishes. Hence, the old adage, "The wish is father to the thought."

There are, then, two important points of difference between dogs and boys, or between animals and men. But they are vital points. They make the difference heaven-wide; they unfold for mankind an endless series of progressive movements onward and upward; discoveries, inventions, accumulation of knowledge and wisdom, and advancement limitless and measureless. They reveal to us, through conscience and its moral responsibility, an immortality of endless happiness within our reach, if we will but put forth the hand and grasp it.

Measure, then, if you can, the vast difference between the highest brute and the lowest man. Then attempt to span the gulf which separates that *lowest* man, the most

ignorant and degraded, from the highest and noblest specimens of our race. Who can bridge the chasm? Who can adequately conceive the contrast? Who can possibly estimate the great distance, in this life or in the life to come, between a degraded victim of vice and crime and a noble, educated, cultivated soul, filled with all good motives, purposes, and actions?

When we consider, therefore, that we are the architects of our own fortunes; that the future, for time and eternity, is to be shaped by our own conduct; that here we are on probation, in a state of trial; that all possibilities are within our reach; that even our powers of greatness and goodness are practically limitless; that "where there is a will there is a way," how strongly should it stimulate us to the putting forth of our best powers to achieve all that is within our reach, to elevate ourselves in the scale of humanity to the highest possible point!

VI.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

I BELIEVE it was Dr. Young, the celebrated English poet, who said, —

"How sad a sight is human happiness!"

We see all around us so many examples of *failure and misery in life*, that when a clear case of prosperous happiness presents itself the contrast is painful, and we are led to ask, "What are the causes?" When we *do* see a marked case of success, we instinctively inquire, "What produced *that?*"

The other day I read of one who has, of late years, been well known in this community. He was brilliant, talented, cultured; he associated with people of refinement and education; but, alas! the newspaper report

said he was arrested in a distant city and locked up as a street beggar and vagrant! What did that? Why such a failure? *He had become a drunkard.*

Twenty-five years ago, in a New England college were two young men. One was poor, working his own way for an education, the other was the son of one of the noblest men in the state, wealthy, and an upright Christian gentleman, moving in the best society. His son was ambitious and proud. He would pass by the poor young man upon the college campus without deigning him any recognition, not even a nod of the head.

Twenty years went by. The rich young man studied law, and was admitted to the bar. After spending some years in a distant part of the country, he returned to his native state a confirmed drunkard. One day he called upon his former college ac-

quaintance and asked for three dollars to pay his bill for lodging, that he might not be turned out into the street.

His friend gave him the money, and hoped he would put it to a good use. With that money, as it afterwards appeared, he bought the liquor which made him drunk; he became noisy and boisterous, got into a street brawl, was arrested, taken to the lock-up, and finally sentenced — and that not for the first time — to six months at the house of correction.

But how much more satisfactory to fall in with incidents of the opposite character. Some of you know something of the early life of James A. Garfield, and of the secret of his success.

Few men, probably, of late years have had a nobler reputation, stood higher in their profession, or fairer before the world than Admiral Farragut, whose statue has

lately been unveiled in Washington. Let me read you a little incident which throws great light upon his career, from which many lessons may be drawn, but from which I will only ask you to notice the underlying principles which brought such signal success to his life : —

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S CONVERSION.

In a recent conversation, Admiral Farragut said : "When I was ten years of age I was with my father on board a man-of-war. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of dinner one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me, —

"'David, what do you mean to be?'

"'I mean to follow the sea.'

"'Follow the sea! yes, to be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.'

"'No,' said I, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck, and command as you do.'

"'No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me, and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast! be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital!' That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I

will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble. I have kept these three vows to this hour. Shortly afterwards, I became a Christian. That act was the turning-point in my destiny."

Now, my young friends, what underlies this story? What do you discover besides the simple narrative?

As I read this incident, and re-read it, and pondered upon it, a profound impression of its hidden meaning, of its deep significance, came over me. I could "read between the lines" something not printed on the page. I saw plainly stated *three* important *principles;* and still further on *three more* were discovered. The first three were the fundamental principles of success, the foundation upon which the superstructure of a useful and prosperous career was builded. The second three were like unto them, and without which the first

would have been rendered *null and void.* I read (1) that Admiral Farragut had a good CHARACTER. Ah! boys, *character* is of primary importance. We can none of us achieve much, worth achieving, without a *good character;* that which can be depended on in an emergency; that which is pure and bold, and true and good. Then (2) I notice in his life, as it has been placed before the world, that Admiral Farragut had real ABILITY, — intellect, mind, *brains.* He was no ignorant man. He was no commonplace man in his mental caliber. He had *talent.* He also had (3) AMBITION. He could never have acquired the world-wide reputation he did, without a high and noble *ambition.* He proposed to accomplish something worthy in life, and he did. Had he not had a laudable ambition, he would never have made such a brilliant record.

But these three important points are not

the only ones that stand out in his life. Three other qualities are apparent. It is clear that Admiral Farragut could never have gained his remarkable reputation without hard and laborious service. He had the quality of (1) *industry*. He improved his opportunities. He became familiar with all history that related to his profession. It is related of him that during a year's residence in Tunis, our consul, Mr. Charles Folsom, directed his studies, and "gave him a thirst for information," which, as Mrs. Farragut says in a letter, "as his eyes were not strong, kept all his household busy reading to him." His knowledge was varied, and in matters relating to his profession, profound. He was one of the best linguists in the navy. Success comes not from chance, or from talent alone. It is won by fighting for it. It is *achieved*. No great thing is done, no great prize won, no

remarkable success attained, without *hard work*.

But I have known hard workers not to succeed. I have in mind several boys of my acquaintance who *work* hard enough. They will fire up like a rocket, and make a bluster and a sputtering, and go off with a whiz and a whir which you would think sufficient to move the world; but soon the light goes out suddenly, and the result is a burnt stick. They are at work to-day on one thing and to-morrow on another. They lack (2) *perseverance*. Not so, however, David Farragut; he had not only industry, but he had persistence; he was steady, earnest, persevering, year in and year out; he worked on quietly and faithfully, till he had risen from midshipman to lieutenant, commander, captain, and rear admiral. Still there is lacking one other element to his success. He had labored faithfully and perseveringly for many

years, and had acquired no great reputation, no *fame*. He had not made a *great name*, but he had (3) *patience* to *wait for* the *results*.

The war finally came, and he was thrown into actual service. He could now exhibit the qualities he had been acquiring during the long years of peace. He was now *tried*, and was not found wanting. He had entered the navy before he was ten years old, yet he was past sixty when he found the opportunity to distinguish himself, by exhibiting those qualities and that breadth of judgment which had been so long maturing. Ah! my young friends, we must learn to be *patient*, and to *wait for results*. They will come in God's good time. Many a young man wants to jump at one bound to the top of the ladder; yet that is a dangerous experiment. It is better to climb one round at a time, and the longer the ladder the higher our continued climbing brings us.

Now Admiral Farragut had (1) *character;* (2) *ability;* (3) *ambition;* and he had also (1) *industry;* (2) *perseverance;* (3) *patience.* He won great distinction, and, since there was no proper rank in the navy for him, the grade of *Admiral* was created for him whose name had become a household word throughout the land. He died as he had lived, a Christian gentleman, and mourned by the whole nation. In battle he was as fearless as Nelson, in public virtue and patriotism not excelled by the greatest heroes of antiquity, while in his spotless purity of *character* he rivaled the illustrious Collingwood. There are many naval names dear to the American heart, but

"A brighter name must dim their light
With more than noontide ray,—
The viking of the river-fight,
The conqueror of the bay.

Shape not for him the marble form,
Let never bronze be cast,
But paint him in the battle-storm,
Lashed to his flag-ship's mast."

Let me assure you, one and all, that any young man to whom God shall give life and health, if he display these six attributes in due proportion and extent, is *just as sure of success in life* as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning.

One may attain fair or even brilliant success in some direction without a harmonious development of all six of these attributes, although it is by no means sure. But one who has all of these qualities need give himself no uneasiness as to results. They are certain; but let him patiently bide the time.

VII.

WHAT SHALL BOYS DO?

THE choice of a profession is a very important step for any young man. But that is not what I propose to speak upon at this time. It is necessary to go back of that and discuss some principles which underlie and which lead up to the choice of one's vocation.

In one of these "new-fangled," modern associations the executive committee is divided into several working subcommittees. One of these subcommittees is called the "Outlook Committee." It is their business to study the signs of the times and see what subjects ought to be brought before the society. They are the advance guard, the pickets, the videttes, who go on in advance

and study the ground, observe the "lay of the land," and, like Caleb and Joshua, bring back a report coupled with advice whether to go forward and in which direction.

So with us this morning; we wish to look ahead and observe the condition of things, and see whether it is best to scale this mountain, meander like the river through this valley, or make a flank movement to the right or to the left. What is best for boys to undertake to do?

A very good man of my acquaintance really believes that we are educating the boys too much. He thinks education makes them proud and unfits them, mentally and physically, for *work*. I suppose he would have a *few* — perhaps children of the best families — educated to fill the highest places, but the mass should be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and consequently should not be educated above their sphere.

Col. Lockett, the largest cotton planter in Georgia, said, last summer, that several years ago he discovered that an intelligent person would pick more cotton in a day and pick it better than an ignorant one. In his mind great results grew from that discovery. If this merely mechanical work could be done better by intelligence, then everything else could, — hence, it follows that the *mass* should be educated; the prosperity of the *state* requires it. The blacks and the whites must both be educated; therefore, schools must be established and supported for both races. This is a far-reaching inference, but it is a legitimate one.

You often ask yourselves, "What shall I do in life? What shall I strive to fit myself for? What *kind* of a position shall I seek?" The answer must inevitably be, "Do your *best*. Make the *most* of yourself. Aim high." It was Daniel Webster that said to a young

man, who hesitated to prepare to enter the legal profession because it was so crowded, "There is room enough up higher." And I hope you will bear in mind that Webster's answer has an application wider than the legal profession. "There is room enough up higher" in every distinct business of life.

What the world needs to-day is leaders, — thoroughly educated, skilled, competent leaders. There is more difficulty in securing one first-class superintendent for a cotton or woolen mill than a hundred first-class weavers or spinners. There is more difficulty in finding a *first-class*, *competent* "boss" for a gang of shovelers, who shall direct their work skillfully and successfully, than in getting the entire gang of men to shovel. A few years ago a young man went into a cotton factory and spent a year in learning the work in the carding-room. He then devoted another year to the spinning-room;

still another in learning how to weave. He boarded with the overseer of one of these rooms, and was often asking questions. He picked up all sorts of knowledge. He was educating himself in a good school, and was destined to graduate high in his class. He became superintendent of a small mill, at a salary of about fifteen hundred dollars a year. He was sought for a higher place. It happened in this way: One of the large mills in Fall River was running behind-hand; instead of making money, the corporation was losing. They wanted a *first-class* man to direct the affairs of the mill. They applied to a gentleman in Boston, well acquainted with the leading men engaged in the manufacture of cotton. He told them he knew of a young man that would suit them, but they would have to give him a good salary.

"What salary will he require?"

"I cannot tell; but I think you would have to pay him six thousand dollars a year."

"That is a very large sum; we have never paid so much."

"No, probably not; and you have never had a competent man. The condition of your mill, and the story you have told me to-day, show the result. I do not think he would go for less. I should not advise him to, but I will advise him to accept if you offer him that salary; and I think he will save you thirty per cent of the cost of making your goods."

The salary was offered, the man accepted, and he saved nearly *forty per cent* of the cost the first year. Soon he had a call from one of the largest corporations in New England, with whom he engaged as superintendent for five years, at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. He had been with this company only about one year before he had an offer

of another position with a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year. But he declined the offer, saying that he had engaged where he was for five years, and he should not break his contract even for five thousand dollars a year margin.

Two boys were in this school not long since, who were much interested in railroading. One of them had an intelligent ambition, and a definite plan before him. He intended, after leaving here, to take a full course of study at the Columbia College School of Mines, and he fondly hoped some day to be president of the great Southern Pacific Railway. He may succeed, or he may fail in that particular hope; but I have no doubt he will yet distinguish himself as one of America's great railroad-men.

The other was infatuated with a desire to be engaged in something which would place him on a railroad train. He was tired of

study, and had apparently no desire to continue in school. He left study, and accepted a position as brakeman upon a freight train upon one of our shortest and most obscure railroads. If he shall look for a thorough knowledge of the business, and use his best efforts to make himself master of all the details of railroading, he will soon rise from this undesirable position to something better, and may eventually be successful and gain an excellent position. But if he sits down contented as a brakeman on a freight train, with no plan or ambition for the future, very few would envy him his position or his prospects.

What, then, shall the boys do? I went down to Pettaconsett the other day to see the foundations of the building that Mr. Corliss is putting up there for the new pumping engine which he has engaged to put in for this city.* I found that, in digging for the foundations, they came upon a deep

* Providence.

bed of quicksand. Mr. Corliss, ever fertile in expedients to overcome obstacles, instead of driving down wooden piles, sunk in this quicksand great quantities of large cobble-stones. These were driven down into the sand with tremendous force by a huge iron ball weighing four thousand pounds. I said:

"Mr. Corliss, why did not you drive wooden piles on which to build your foundation?"

"Don't you see," said he, "that the piles *have no discretion*, and that the cobble-stones have?"

"I don't think I understand you, Mr. Corliss," was my reply.

"If you drive a pile," said he, "*it goes where you drive it, and nowhere else;* but a cobble-stone will seek the softest place and go *where it is most needed.* It, therefore, has some discretion, and better answers the purpose."

I went away musing that the wooden "piles" and the "cobble-stones" represent two classes of boys. "The piles," says Mr. Corliss, "have *no discretion*, and go *only where they are driven*." I think I have seen boys who represented this quality. "But the cobble-stones go *where they are the most needed*." When boys fit themselves to go where they are the most needed, they will be pretty likely to meet with tolerably good success in life.

In the olden time it was considered enough for a boy to learn a trade. He then had, at least, "something to fall back upon." Nowadays, if a boy has only a trade, he *may* prove to be badly off. Some morning he may wake up and find that his trade is utterly useless, owing to the genius of some inventor, who has patented a machine which will do his work at a tithe of the previous cost, and in a tithe of the previous time

required. These times require a young man to be so intelligent that he will know how to do *business;* and if the competition in one kind of business is too great, he will immediately and literally "turn his hand" to some other occupation.

Years ago one machine shop made engines, another lathes, another guns, another sewing machines, etc., and no two of them could, by any possibility, exchange works. Now, a first-class machine-shop takes a contract for making a large lot of lathes; then changes its machinery and manufactures a hundred thousand rifles for some European power; then contracts to make as many sewing machines; then commences the manufacture of mowing machines, or horse rakes, or whatever the latest and most successful inventor wants made.

But the boy needs two things, and to succeed he must have them: (1) He must

have an ambition to do his best; (2) He must improve his mind, and prepare himself to have such "discretion" as will enable him to "go where he is most needed." A *man*, in this age, should not be a machine, nor an adjunct of a machine. He should *understand* the machine that he is to run, be *superior to it*, not be run by it, but, if need be, change it to do more, or better, or different work.

VIII.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S ELECTION AND DEATH.

IT is just one year to-day * since Gen. Garfield was elected President by the votes of the electoral colleges in the various states. That was a momentous day. It was one of the sublimest spectacles the sun ever shone upon. If a sublimer can be found it was that which preceded it. Thirty-eight states, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the gulf, had upon one day selected by ballot these electors. With them lay the power of choosing the chief magistrate of a great nation for the next four years. The ruler who was to bear sway over fifty

* Dec. 1, 1881.

million people was elected as quietly and with as little excitement as the most commonplace and unimportant affair. The several colleges of electors came together, recorded their votes, made out and signed their certificates, sent one to Washington by mail, placed a second in the hands of a special messenger selected by themselves, gave the third into the keeping of the United States District Judge, and returned to their homes. Their stay together was not necessarily an hour, and their act was really but an executive one, or possibly it might be called merely a clerical one. The people had pronounced their judgment, and they had but to record the decision. Yet how sublime their duty! They gave forth their votes, which selected a man who had risen from poverty and obscurity, who by his own powers had become one of the leaders in the land; they had selected him

and placed him in the position of the foremost man of the world. He now was to occupy the most conspicuous post among the rulers of the nations; the highest, the most enviable position among men.

Three months must intervene to give him time to mature his policy, select his cabinet, and prepare to enter upon his high duties. Quickly these three months pass by. Four months in the discharge of the duties of his office follow them. His plans and his policy foreshadowed satisfy the people to a remarkable degree. Evidently he is worthy the place which he is called to fill, and equal to the duties he is to perform. Familiar with the wants of the country, versed in affairs of the government, vigorous in thought, decided in purpose, bold in execution, he will discharge the duties of his position regardless of the selfishness of political demagogues and shallow place-

seekers. He is not to carry on the government to reward friends, nor is he to be deterred by fear of enemies.

But, alas! "Man proposes, God disposes." The cowardly assassin, piqued because not appointed to the position he craves, with a morbid and half-insane desire to win notoriety in some way, yet not insane enough to abridge or in the least interfere with his moral responsibility, coming up behind him, fires the fatal shot which is to cause such prolonged suffering, and finally the death of our good President.

Then followed an experience the world had never before received. By means of the telegraph over the lands and under the seas, the condition of the suffering President became the household talk of the civilized world. At the breakfast-table, on change, in the marts of travel, the tramway carriage or the railway coach; the English people,

the French, Spanish, Italian, Cossack, Turk, or Austrian; in Jerusalem, Mecca, Constantinople, Paris, London, or Berlin; as friend met friend, the first salutation, by common impulse, was, "How is the President? Will he live? God grant that his life may be spared!"

Never before, probably, in the history of the wide world was there manifested by all nations so general a sympathy, such cordial good-will, such earnest, heartfelt desires, from Christian, Jew, or Mohammedan, that the life of any one man might be preserved, as was manifest for the recovery of President Garfield. Among all Christians, not merely in this land, but elsewhere, wherever men worship the one God and implore blessings through his Son, Jesus Christ, prayers were sent up to heaven for the life of Garfield. No such unanimity of Christian purpose and desire was ever observed.

Many men, good, pious souls, trembled, being weak in the faith, lest God should not grant a favorable answer to their prayers; and so the infidel would scoff, and the unbeliever taunt, and say, "What good in prayer?"

In ancient times Uzzah was very zealous for the safety of the ark of God: —

"And when they came to Nachor's threshing floor, Uzzah put forth his hand and took hold of it, for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God."

These good people were very much afraid the oxen would stumble and overturn the ark. They must put forth their profane hands lest God's ark should receive injury. The impulse appears good, but the purpose is neither wise nor reverent.

God knows. Man is ignorant. Let God do as seemeth him good. This should be the spirit of all true prayer. In an age given up to psychological speculation and material philosophy, is it to be supposed that the great God who presides over all the world, and who rules in all ages, shall bend his purposes to suit the short-sighted whims of finite man? Yet God heard every prayer, and his answers were full of tender love and pitying mercy.

President Garfield died Sept. 19, after eleven weeks of intense pain and suffering.

IX.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S ELECTION AND DEATH.

A FEW days after President Garfield's death, I read in one of the daily papers — a paper whose circulation is not broad, and whose management is scarcely equal to its circulation — that "undoubtedly the death of President Garfield would prove a severe blow to the Christian religion." The same day I met a man, a lamplighter, who belonged to that denomination of Christians of which the President was a member. Like President Garfield, also, he was a preacher. He was a good Christian man, modest and quiet in his work, and in the absence of a regular minister he was in the habit of conducting the worship in the little chapel which had

the words "CHURCH OF CHRIST" over the door. This good man was sincerely lamenting the death of the beloved President. "Why," said he, "should he be taken who had the capacity and the opportunity in his high station and with his good heart and brilliant intellect to do such a world of good, while I, who am nothing and can do nothing, am kept alive? I would willingly have died in his place; but he has been taken and I am left. I cannot understand it." And the tear would obtrude itself, and did trickle down his hard cheek.

I left him and walked away homeward, musing. The great orb of the sun was gently settling down towards the western hills; all nature was quiet and contemplative. "Ah!" thought I, "how little short-sighted man can comprehend the plans of the great God!" God is our father, we are his children. We may always rest assured that

he is ever the true, loving, kind, and wise Father toward us. If we are true, loving, and obedient to him, and trust him with filial confidence, then all right-motived requests which go up to him from our loving hearts will receive careful attention from him and they will surely be answered. But is it true that all requests, right-minded requests, from the loving and obedient child, which are well received by the parent, and which the parent's love impels him to respond to, are answered always in the very terms of the petition? And if not *thus* answered, are they, therefore, not answered at all? Every one will say, "By no manner of means." The child's request is often short-sighted, the granting of which by the parent would inevitably bring pain and disaster. Yet, in such cases the parent may hear the request with pleasure, approve the motive that prompted it, and though, by his superior knowledge

of cause and effect, prohibited from granting it specifically, yet he may show in a far greater degree his love and his acceptance of the request by bestowing *another* and a *greater blessing*, which goes further and does more than the mere granting of the particular favor asked for would have done.

A child desires a small sum of money, say twenty-five cents, to purchase some useful and necessary article; he knows that his father has just that amount in his pocket. He begs that the father shall give him that particular piece of money. His father does not at once answer his request. He repeatedly importunes him for the gift. The father is sensible that the child's object is a good one; his request is moderate. Had he asked for a much larger sum the father would not have deemed it at all improper, since it would have been paid away for important and useful articles. But the father finally says,

"No, my child, for good reasons I cannot grant your request." Yet within a short time he gives him a five-dollar gold piece, saying, "I know your necessities, and you may have this money which will buy what you need. The quarter-dollar which you wanted was a gift to me from a dear friend. I did not want to part with it." Can any one say that the child's request was not cordially and joyfully received by the parent, that it was not approved, or that it was not granted? He wanted the money for what it would buy. He got more than he asked for. He thought the quarter-dollar all the money the father had. The father was richer than he thought. The result aimed at was what the money would buy. The result was attained solely by the importunity of the child.

The Christians of this country prayed for the life of President Garfield, because, primarily, it seemed needful for the country's

well-being. Has not God in a remarkable manner showered his blessings upon this country and the world, by and through the death of the beloved President, and in a manner superior to and beyond anything that Garfield could have done for it? And has not this been done in direct answer to the loving and devout spirit of prayer which Christians manifested during those sad weeks of suspense? Of what value is that broad and generous sympathy awakened by his assassination, sickness, and death, over the wide world? It is of more force than standing armies. Its power is superior to tons of tracts from the press of the Peace Society. It has accomplished and is destined to accomplish what president's messages and congressional action and diplomacy could never have achieved. The ties which bind the nations together have been strengthened as never before by all human instrumentalities.

How was our country rent by political feuds and factions! How have they been silenced, and in fact annihilated, by the dumb lips of the dead President! The war of the Rebellion left gaping wounds and sectional strifes which, as it has appeared during the past twenty years, ages and new generations of men only could heal. The "Southern policy" of President Johnson was a failure; scarcely less so was that of Gen. Grant; and not much more could be said of that adopted by his successor, President Hayes. What *might* have been done by Garfield, living, we cannot know, but what has been done by him, dead, is known and read of all men. But few Northern states voted against Gen. Garfield for President, and but few Southern states voted for him. Yet, during those terrible weeks all Northern people and papers were accustomed to speak of him as "*the* President." But in an ex-

tended tour through the Southern states, while President Garfield was suffering, I observed everywhere, from newspapers and people, the tenderest expressions about "*our* President." I hazard nothing in saying that the "Answerer of prayer," He who is properly called a "prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God," has heard and has answered abundantly the prayer of his people, albeit in a way they had not dreamed of; though it is now evident to all that the answer is far more advantageous to the country than the simple and direct granting of the request would have been.

And now what answer shall we make to our worthy friend and brother, the lamplighter? Let us say to him: "Dear sir, God lives and he reigns. He doeth *his* will and not ours. 'For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.' President Garfield in his

death, through the kind providence of our God, as we sincerely believe, in answer to prayer, has accomplished not only more than in his life, but more than he ever could have accomplished by the longest life that our good wishes could have assigned to him. And as for thee, thou good lamplighter, what shouldst thou do but *light thy lamps* just the same as before. 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.' Light thy lamps, and leave not one in darkness. How knowest thou but this very night the light thou causest to stream out from some one lamp, over the highway, may prevent an accident and thereby save the life of some lad who in the after years will be a man of more importance to this land and the world than even President Garfield was? Do not,

I beseech thee, let a single lamp be dim, but bright and burning; and, withal, so let *thy* 'light shine before men that they may see thy good works and glorify thy Father which is in Heaven.'"

"At eventide there shall be light."

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."
. . . . . .
"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

X.

WHAT THE WATERFALLS SAID TO ME.

"Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.
. . . . . .
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine."

SO sang the poet, and the words rang in my ears day after day, when I had once seen that most exquisite picture

"Flash and gleam among the oak-trees;
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Minnehaha, laughing water."

I had but lately gazed upon the boiling torrents of the Spokane, enjoyed the turbulence of the Dalles and the cascades of the Columbia, and marveled at the bold dash of the falls of the Multnomah.

A few days later I had crossed the plain, pushed through the forests, rounded the south end of Lake Michigan, skirted the shores of Erie, stopped to drink in the grandeur and majesty of the king of waterfalls, Niagara, plunged down the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and still later, driving through the Hoosac Tunnel, I was whirled along the banks of the Deerfield, rushing and roaring over its rocky bed, across the Connecticut; and the iron horse, blowing, wheezing, puffing, lifted me up, up, the valley of the Millers River, an elevation of seven hundred feet between Greenfield and Gardner. This up-grade ride, bumping, turning, twisting, now on the right bank, now on the left of this turbulent stream, was in the night. The moon shone brightly, serenely, weirdly, now lighting up the rapid torrent, and anon, throwing its black, dense shadows like a pall over the seething mass.

YON SILENT MOON.

That silver moon, with mellow light serene,
Shines through the clouds with tender, modest ray,
As if 't would hardly venture to appear
E'en in the absence of the orb of day.
And yet it shines; and peering through the clouds
It sendeth down a chastened, loving look,
As if, indeed, it were the mourners' friend,
And kindly wished to bind the broken heart.

When, dense and thick, the clouds have gathered o'er,
And all is dark to mourning souls below,
The moon with solemn silence peereth through,
And seems to say, "*There 's light for you above.*
The earth is dark and full of troublous sin,
And sin's attendant, sorrow, walketh here;
But *courage take*, and look away from earth,
For, far above terrestrial clouds, appears
The light of heaven, which shines in cloudless sky.
These earthly clouds that dim the light of day,
And oft obscure the moon's more modest look,
Do but bespeak the *heavenly* light above,
And point to those bright realms of lasting bliss."

The silver moon that shines with borrowed ray,
Directs the soul to one great source of light;
And thus from earth would draw the mind away,
To God, the only source of light and love.

Weary, yet restless, I could not sleep; neither could I keep awake. I was in that half-way condition in which visions come flitting through the mind, and, the reason asleep, the wide-awake imagination has full play. The spirit of the water stood up before me, now shrinking and bashful, now boldly riding forth upon the wings of the moonbeams, and began to talk to me. At first its tones were quiet and gentle as the mild zephyrs of the summer day, but gradually increasing the power and decision of its utterances, its rapid cadences became as fierce and tempestuous as the hurricane or the tornado. And this is what it said to me: —

"Have you no pity for me, O man; for me, confined, imprisoned within these walls, and made to drudge and drive by day and by night without cessation? Who ever heard of Millers River? I have no name, no fame,

no reward. I slave and drive, and hurry and skurry, and get no thanks, no compliments. If I could gather up my waters and make a bold dash like the Connecticut at Holyoke, pouring over the great dam, or rushing through the giant wheel which drives so many thousand spindles and throws so many hundred shuttles, it would be of some account; I should be of some service. Or, if I were like the grand old falls of Niagara, captivating visitors from all parts of the world; or even like the dashing rapids of the Lachine, over which the steamboats ride, guided by the old Indian pilot, amid the wonder of the many passengers! But no; I must remain here forever, like a horse in the tread-mill; worse than that even, for the poor horse is allowed to stop to eat and sleep, but I must go on morning, noon, and night, —

'Never stop to think,
Never stop to drink,
Never stop to weep,
Never stop to sleep,'

but always working, pushing, crowding, surging, ever onward, never lagging, and so go down to oblivion, unappreciated, uncared for, unknown."

Thus the waters of Millers River which tumble down seven hundred feet from Gardner — the highest point between Boston and Chicago — to Greenfield, entered its complaint and exhibited its envy of the Holyoke mill-dam, the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and the falls of Niagara.

Now, while I thought upon this complaint my eyes grew dim, my head drooped, and I was rapidly jostled from side to side, till gradually the scene changed, and I was no longer on Millers River, but was quietly seated upon the starboard bow of the steamboat,

just floating into the very jaws of the Lachine Rapids upon the St. Lawrence.

Suddenly the water-sprite stood up and shook its whitened locks, and beckoned me to listen: —

"Pity me, traveler; condole with me in my misery! I am the swelling mass of waters from the great lakes. I have poured over Niagara, and floated down through the Thousand Islands; and now I must plunge and roar and foam and dash against these sunken rocks just to make sport for strangers who chance to come down the river upon these steamboats. Chained to this spot, shut up in this channel, confined between these grassy banks, I must work on like a pack horse, day in and day out, doomed to perpetual slavery. If I could only exchange places with that quiet, unobtrusive Millers River, or if I could be like my predecessor, Niagara, and have the honor

of being the greatest waterfall in the world, I should be happy. But, dear me, there is no place for me; no success, no opportunity for even a modest, laudable ambition."

So complained the Lachine Rapids, and vanished in thin air, or sunk beneath the boiling flood. While I mused upon its plaintive wail, dream-like, the scene changed, and I was standing on the bank of the Niagara River, just below the American Falls. A low wail caught my ear, and on turning around I saw, just rising from the water, a weird and haggard form, which sent forth a dirge-like moan in the following words: —

"Woe is me! Faint and weary, torn and bleeding, behold me, a prey to this surging flood. Very fine it may be to you, good sir, to look on and see this mighty downpouring; but not so interesting is it to poor me. Pouring, roaring, seething, tossing,

plunging, lunging, here I am shut in from the rest of the world. My sisters, there, above me, bask in the sunshine, and leisurely float along day after day, and sleep in their quiet eddies at night. If I had the variety of the beautiful and picturesque landscape of the quiet Millers River, or if I could rush along the bed of the Spokane, or if I could leap down an immense precipice like the falls of Multnomah, I should be satisfied; but here I am compelled to heave and toss, and plunge and roar, from January to July, and from July to December, only to repeat again and again the same round; round and round, over and over, whirling, swirling, fuming, foaming, rushing, gushing, onward, over and over, till I vanish in the mist, mocked at by the rainbow, and gone, because I am not!"

So complained the spirit of King Kataract, and wished his fate was anything but his

own. Suddenly I was on the new bridge that spans the Spokane River, in Washington Territory, just over the boiling torrent, looking down into the water below. The mist was rising and wrapping itself around me. It soon shut out the landscape, and a voice sounded in my ears; it was hoarse and grim, and I was startled, till I looked, and the spirit of the waters was beckoning me, and this was its plaint: —

"Would that I were elsewhere! Would that I were otherwise! Would that I were any else! My task is hard, my life monotonous, my reward but small. Could I but exchange places with the Dalles, or the Cascades, or the Multnomah; but this monotonous life will be the death of me yet!"

Just then a loaded team, drawn by two braying mules, came thundering across the bridge, and the frightened spirit of the water was no more seen. Again, I was at the

Dalles of the Columbia, that wondrous piece of nature's handiwork, and again the water-spirit complained. While I looked and listened, another voice was heard, this time the voice of the Cascades, when in the midst of its complaint, behold the falls of the Multnomah! It was a little river, but fifty feet wide, and after chasing its banks along a ravine well up upon the mountains, it madly plunges down a perpendicular rock eight hundred feet, only to gather up its courage and glide down another cliff several hundred feet more, before mingling itself with the waters of the Columbia. It is indeed a charming waterfall, unique, beautiful, pleasing in every particular, both in itself and its surroundings. Yet here I found the same spirit of discontent. The mist rose from the foot of the falls, and wrapping its mantle about itself, it assumed the form which had already so often appeared to me, and thus it spoke: —

"Frightened, benumbed, exhausted with incessant labor, I have no peace in my life. Could I exchange places with my sisters or my brothers; could I once visit the Spokane, or Niagara, or the St. Lawrence; could I be the quiet little Minnehaha, "Laughing Water," there would be a beam of joy in my soul! But no such good fortune awaits me. I am doomed to drag out a miserable existence in this damp and secluded spot. I am half tempted to commit suicide."

"What!" said I to myself, "is there no contentment? Does every one wish to exchange places with some one else? Have not these people ever read 'The Vision of Mirza'?"

Lo, while I was speaking, another waterfall appeared. It was no other than that which had started my fancy at first. I was sitting upon the little platform, looking upon the "Laughing Water." Wisely named;

beautiful in its form, harmonious in its proportions, elegant in its surroundings, it was, indeed, a model. Cheerful and contented, it displayed a true happiness, devoid of envy, and, innocent of impossible ambitions, it flowed onward in its quiet and beautiful harmony, scarcely inquiring whence it came, or whither it was going.

Only after I had twice summoned its spirit into my presence, did it quietly and modestly present itself. It was wrapped in a white veil of spray, and girded with a rainbow about its waist. Its face was the face of beauty, and its features were those of quiet contentment and happiness.

"Callest thou me?"

"Yes, I called thee. Now tell me, I pray thee, how it is thou utterest no complaint?"

"Why should I complain? The Father brought me here, and shall he not do right? In beauty he made me, and I am content to

be just what he desires me to be. Whence I came I know not, but that I shall go onward to the great and boundless ocean, I well know. I go, contented and happy. The duty of the day I will do. Its reward is in His hands; he will not disappoint me."

"Happy, happy spirit!" exclaimed I, "not to envy its fellows; not to wish for impossible things!"

Here I heard a great noise and a confused hum of voices, and awaking, I found that the iron horse had stopped in the Fitchburg station, in Boston, at one o'clock at night, and the passengers were leaving the train.

So I knew that I had but dreamed; and that the lesson of the sleeping hour might not be lost, I have here written it out.

"He, the master of life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.
From his footprints flowed a river,

Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward,
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet;
And the spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, 'Run in this way!'

. . . . . .

And in accents like the sighing
Of the south-wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, 'O my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in heaven;
For you prayed not like the others,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors.'"

XI.

BE EXACT IN THOUGHT AND WORD.

THE great teacher of America used sometimes to say to his pupils, "Young gentlemen, there is a *great deal* of difference between doing *just right* and a *little wrong*."

It is often said that education is a double work: it includes (1) the training and the disciplining of the mind, and (2) the acquisition of useful knowledge. The former is the more important work, and, if the latter have any value at all, the knowledge must necessarily be *exact* knowledge.

The old lady felt very much delighted when she found a recipe by which she could always tell the good indigo from the poor. "Take a lump of it," said she, "and put it

in water, and if it is good it will — it will — it will sink or swim, I have forgotten which; but no matter, you can try it for yourself any time." I fear a great deal of knowledge is acquired in that way, and it is just good for nothing.

I heard a man telling about a gentleman down in Maine who "owned one hundred and twelve, or three hundred and twelve thousand sheep," he could not quite remember which; and as I heard his doubt I began to question whether it was not "one hundred and twelve" without the thousand.

A friend of mine was telling of a voyage he took down to Newfoundland in a fishing smack, and he said he "saw a whale fifty feet long."

"Fifty feet long!" was the response; "that is a big fish story. Do you expect us to believe it?"

"Why not? That is my guess; of course

we did not measure him, and if you are going to guess *it is just as easy to guess fifty feet as anything else.*"

I fear much that passes for knowledge is only my friend's *guess.* One may as well "guess fifty feet as anything else."

Now, in the use of language there is often a lamentable want of accuracy, and it is one of the legitimate and important parts of the school work to make the pupils exact in the use of words. The accurate use of "shall" and "will," "should" and "would," is so important that it is worth spending considerable time to obtain an accurate knowledge of the exact distinctions to be made in the use of these little auxiliaries. Mrs. Partington has become somewhat notorious for her wrong use of words, or use of wrong words; and the colored people are frequently quoted as making ludicrous blunders.

But the fear is that this sort of inaccuracy

is not confined to these characters. Mrs. Stowe, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," makes "Aunt Chloe" tell about going to make cake and pastry at the "perfectioners" instead of the "*con*fectioners." And John B. Gough tells of the colored preacher who was desirous of having the recess back of the pulpit "frescoed," and he made his wish known to his people in this way: One Sunday evening at the close of the sermon he shut the Bible suddenly, and said, "There, my bredren, the Gospel will not be *dispensed with* any more from dis pulpit till the collection am sufficient to fricassee dis abcess."

How often we hear misquotations from the Bible and other books! and what strange passages are sometimes quoted from the sacred Scriptures! Many persons, well versed in Bible lore, are yet unable to repeat the Lord's Prayer accurately. I found a painter some years since, at work in a church in

Boston, out on the Back Bay, painting in elegant letters the Lord's Prayer upon the wall of the church; and the form of words that he was using was not to be found in the Bible or the prayer-book.

This habit of accuracy is an important element in one's education. Knowledge, to be of any worth, must be accurate; and the acquisition of knowledge, in order to be of value as a disciplinary process, must be equally accurate. Herein lies much of the value of the study of Latin and Greek. It obliges the student to be accurate in his study, and in his modes of thought. The future indicative and the present subjunctive of the third conjugation, in Latin, are to be carefully discriminated, since the change of a single word will alter the entire meaning of the sentence. The study of the exact force of the subjunctive mood in Latin is a matter of no slight importance to the

boy as a disciplinary process. It is *training the mind*, *improving the reasoning powers*, *sharpening the intellect*, and acquiring *accuracy of judgment*. The application of this may be made in a horse trade, in testing the quality of cotton, in buying wool, or in putting up a physician's prescription.

This constant striving after accuracy greatly improves the power of memory; and it is to be feared that the importance of this faculty has been seriously underrated by many of our teachers, and multitudes of scholars. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing *well*." Herein lies a large part of the value of an education. Many a man inquires, "What good will these few pages of history, or this study of algebra or geometry, do my son? *He will never use it in my business*."

Ah! there, my friend, is just where you make a mistake. The accuracy with which

those history lessons are learned, the clearness of perception and reasoning acquired by those problems in algebra or those propositions in geometry, will give your son accuracy *in whatever he will have to do in life*, no matter what his business may be. If "thoroughness" and "accuracy" are your watchwords in the school days, you will never forget them afterward. But if you are careless and inaccurate at school, it will be found hard work to reform subsequently.

XII.

THE BASKET OF CHIP-DIRT.

WE have had frequent talks, first and last, upon the subject of "What Boys should read." There is at this day such an abundance of good reading matter that no one has any excuse for indulging in objectionable reading. The presses of our enterprising publishers teem with good books, well written, often beautifully illustrated; books of travel, adventure, biography, science, and the like; and so cheap that few need be debarred the privilege of owning at least a few choice ones. The libraries are full of them, and most of you can get them from the public library, the Christian Association library, and other collections. Moreover, there are now many juvenile periodicals, like

the *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, etc., which furnish weekly or monthly the *best* of reading admirably adapted to the young. I think, therefore, there is not the slightest excuse for feeding on husks.

The following incident illustrates the evil effects of pernicious reading. I do not suppose it occurred in this city, but I cannot justly say about that. The scene of the incident is supposed to be at the family fireside; the time, "early candle-lighting." The persons introduced are father and son.

"Charles, come here. What is the meaning of such a report as this?"

Report of Charles M. Smith, for term ending Nov. 27, 1884. Arithmetic, 57; Geography, 69; English Grammar, 43; Reading, 85; Spelling, 71; Writing, 70; Average, 66. Deportment, 72; General Standing, 69. Whole number in Class, 19; Rank in Class, 19.

"No. 19 in class of nineteen. Foot of the class! Well, well. That is my boy Charlie, is it? How did this happen?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't know, sir! Who does know? When you first entered the Everett School, a year ago last September, you ranked No. 3 in a class of thirty. The next term you were No. 6, in the spring No. 10, and at the close of the year you stood No. 14 in a class of twenty-four; and now you come home with this report, No. 19 in a class of nineteen. Well, where will you be next term?"

"I mean to do better next term, sir."

"Well, but just explain how this has come about."

"I can't, sir."

"You can't! Has the teacher marked you unfairly?"

"I think not, sir."

"Does he show partiality?"

"I don't think so, sir.

"Well, then, how is it that you are at the foot of the class?"

"I can't tell, sir."

"Can't tell. *I* can tell you, Charles. Do you see that basket filled with apples?"

"I do, sir."

"Empty out the apples upon the floor, in the corner of the room."

"I 've done it, sir."

"Now take the basket out to the wood-pile and fill it half full of fine chip-dirt."

"Here it is, sir."

"Now put in the apples."

Charles piled on the apples till the basket would hold no more.

"It will not hold them, sir."

"Will not hold them? But it did before. Pile them on."

Charles piled up the apples as long as they would stay on, and then said,—

"It will not hold them all, sir."

"Pile them on; pile them on. It held them all before."

"Yes, father, but now the basket is *half full of chip-dirt.*"

"Ah, my son, there 's the mischief. When a basket is half full of chip-dirt it *will not hold a basketful of apples.* You have been filling your mind with chip-dirt stories, and how do you think you can then fill it with arithmetic and spelling? How many volumes of Oliver Optic's works have you read?"

"I have read them all, sir."

"And how many dime novels?"

"I do not know, sir. I have read a good many."

"What papers do you read?"

"*The Fireside Companion*, *The Boys of New York*, and *The Boys' Own.*"

"Well, my son, that basket must be pretty nearly full of chip-dirt by this time, and how

do you suppose you can now pile in the geography and the grammar?"

"I never looked upon it in that light before."

"Well, my boy, take the chip-dirt back to the wood-house and see if the basket will hold the apples then."

Charles quickly left the chip-dirt outside, and filled the basket with the apples.

"Does it hold them now?"

"Oh, yes, sir; it holds them all now."

"Well, my son, it will not be so easy to empty the chip-dirt from your mind. But I caution you *not to put any more in*."

Charles understood the meaning of this. It was a good example of *object teaching*, and the next term, although it cost him many a severe effort to keep away from the chip-dirt, his record was far less unsatisfactory. He was no longer *below rank*. It is to be hoped that Charlie will yet crowd out the chip-dirt

from his mind by filling it with the good and the true.

That is the incident; and if it applies to any of you, I hope you will make the application. It gives me great satisfaction, however, to say that I believe there is far less chip-dirt in this school than there was a few years ago. The last list of books that I noted in my memorandum book, asking each boy in school the title of the last book he had read, was a very satisfactory list. There was very little chip-dirt among the books read. Some day, when I have collated them, I may read you the list.

XIII.

WENDELL PHILLIPS: THE LESSON OF HIS LIFE.

THE life of Wendell Phillips presents to the young several important lessons. The most obvious of these is, probably, the lesson of *self-sacrifice for the truth*. He turned aside from the most alluring prospects of wealth, social distinction, honor and fame, to devote his life to the advocacy of an unpopular cause; and that from the pure motive of *the love of truth*.

Born in 1811; entering Harvard College in 1827, under sixteen years of age; graduating before he was twenty; admitted to the Suffolk bar at twenty-three; belonging to one of the first families in Boston, of which

city his father was the first mayor; the most cultured and polished society of the age opening its doors to him, not only on account of his social position, but equally from his own scholarship and culture, — few young men in this country have ever had a more brilliant future predicted for them by admiring friends, or by a wide circle of acquaintances. He had had every advantage that wealth and social position could confer. Moreover, in his college course he had exhibited that native strength of intellect, and those superior traits of mind and heart which are the sure precursors of a brilliant career. Widely read in the facts and the philosophy of history; his mind well stored with classical learning, and well disciplined by thorough training in the foremost college in the land, — what door of advancement or preferment, what avenue of brilliant success, would be closed to him?

At the early age of twenty-three, a practitioner at the Suffolk bar, which was then graced by such men as Daniel Webster and Jeremiah Mason, and had been honored by Joseph Story and Samuel Dexter, — he himself having already exhibited remarkable powers of oratory, — surely the brightest and most successful career is now opening before him. It would require but little imagination to picture him a governor of that ancient commonwealth, senator in the American Congress, or perhaps the chief executive of the nation.

Scarcely, however, had he entered upon practice at the bar, when troublous times began. William Lloyd Garrison, born in 1804, — apprenticed to a shoemaker, and afterwards to a cabinet-maker, — had learned the printers' trade, wrote for the press, became an editor, was imprisoned in Baltimore, and finally, on the 1st of January, 1831, had

begun in Boston the publication of *The Liberator*, a paper which continued to advocate immediate emancipation till the fact was accomplished, and it was discontinued in December, 1865.

On the 21st of October, 1835, a meeting of the Women's Anti-Slavery Society in Boston was broken up by a mob of "gentlemen of property and standing." Garrison, who was assisting at the meeting, was seized, a rope put around his body, and he was dragged through the streets of Boston, and only saved from the mob by being put in jail.

Wendell Phillips, then less than twenty-five years of age, was a witness to these transactions. These men, "well-dressed, rich, and the inheritors not only of money but of all that had been done for culture and enlightenment in Boston for two hundred years, yet still so sunk in essential ignorance as to believe they could fight moral convic-

tions with brick-bats and ropes." How was the soul of the young man stirred!

His first distinguished mark as an orator was made Dec. 8, 1837, when he was twenty-six years old. It was in Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," an appropriate place for that first address of his in defence of liberty of speech, liberty of the press, and liberty of the slave.

Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy had been murdered in his own home, in the city of Alton, Ill., by a pro-slavery mob, losing his life in defending the freedom of the press. This meeting had been called to "notice in a suitable manner" this event. Resolutions, deploring his death and denouncing the mob, had been offered and were under discussion. Hon. James T. Austin, attorney-general of the Commonwealth, spoke in opposition to the resolutions. He compared the slaves to a menagerie of wild beasts, and the rioters

at Alton to the "*orderly mob* which threw the tea overboard in 1773"; called Lovejoy *presumptuous* and *imprudent;* said that he "died as the fool dieth"; and asserted (referring to Rev. William Ellery Channing, who had spoken) that "a clergyman mingling in the debates of a popular assembly was *marvelously* out of place."

Wendell Phillips followed this specious tirade with a speech at once bold, incisive, and patriotic. "Imprudent! to defend the liberty of the press! Why? Because the defence was unsuccessful? Does success gild crime into patriotism, and the want of it change heroic self-devotion to imprudence? Was Hampden imprudent when he drew the sword and threw away the scabbard?

"Imagine yourself present when the first news of the battle of Bunker Hill reached a New England town. The tale would have run thus: 'The patriots are routed;

the redcoats are victorious. Warren lies dead upon the field.' With what scorn would that tory have been received, who should have charged Warren with *imprudence!* who should have said that, bred a physician, he was 'out of place' in that battle, and 'died as the fool dieth.'

"As much as *thought* is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this hall when the king did but touch his *pocket*. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence had England offered to put a gag upon his lips."

The popular sentiment of the audience was changed. The resolutions were adopted. But more than that; Wendell Phillips had put his hand to the plow, and never after did he look back. From that time till the day of his death he was the "silver-tongued orator" for the slave and the oppressed.

He threw up his commission as a lawyer because he would not make oath to support the Constitution of the United States so long as it protected slave property. For twenty-five years he was a firm, uncompromising abolitionist, before success crowned the cause he so ably advocated. His invective was scathing; his boldness was startling; his eloquence was grand. He became the foremost orator of his age, for his *heart* was in his *words*. His soul was on fire, and it is fire that kindles fire. Turning his back upon riches, scorning honors, place, and power, he held it to be his greatest honor, his chief joy, to be called the friend of the poor and the oppressed, to plead for the down-trodden and the enslaved.

Finally came the slave-holders' rebellion. The gun which sent the first shot against Fort Sumter was heard in Maine and Minnesota. The conscience of the North had

been quickened by Phillips's eloquence. There was to be no more compromise with slavery; the days of its apologists had gone by forever. As a military necessity the slaves of those in rebellion were declared free. The rebellion was crushed. The Union triumphed over secession. By constitutional amendment slavery was forever made impossible in this country, which for eighty years had been called a free land. Surely Wendell Phillips earned the right to be named *the defender of the oppressed; the friend of the slave*. He was true to the truth as he saw it. To-day the pulpit, the press, the people of the land call slavery a *sin*, just as Garrison and Phillips did forty years ago. The logic of events is potent to change the opinions of men. Had Wendell Phillips died thirty years ago, the verdict of the American people regarding him would have differed from that verdict to-day. The prin-

ciples he advocated have succeeded; hence he dies a patriot, a philanthropist, a Christian.

"Be thou like the old apostle,
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seeks expression,
Speak it boldly, speak it all.
Face thine enemies, accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod;
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak, and leave the rest to God."

XIV.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

YOU were amused as well as instructed, the other day, by an exhibition of the phonograph. To many of you it seemed marvelous that you could *talk into a machine*, and that what you said could be *bottled up*, and afterwards brought out, at will, and the machine made to repeat exactly what was said. But so it was. Moreover, different things could be recorded by it, one after another, and the machine made to *talk off* three or four things at once. "Mary had a little lamb," could be recorded upon the machine; then upon the same grooves, "Hold the fort" could be sung into it; again, after turning the machine back to the same starting point, a call could be played to it upon

the bugle, and finally, the machine would register upon the same place the barking of a dog, and the crowing of a cock. The operator, as you saw, would then turn back the diaphragm to the beginning, and the phonograph would at one and the same time tell you the pathetic story of Mary and her lamb, sing "Hold the fort," give forth, loud and clear, the bugle call, and at the same instant the cock's crowing and the dog's barking. If you directed your attention to one or another of these things, your ear would receive the sounds and recognize them.

It is not strange that you should consider this a marvelous feat of the phonograph. Think of it! You *talk into a machine* a bit of poetry, *sing* into it a song, *bark* into it a bark, *crow* into it a crow, *blow* into it a bugle-blast, one by one, and the little cylinder, by the turning of a crank, shouts them all out at you *at once!*

But, on reflection, is this any more wonderful than that each one of you two hundred boys can hear what I am saying to you now and here? I think my thoughts; I open my mouth; I suddenly expel air from my lungs; it strikes a blow upon the atmosphere, and sets it vibrating. The vibratory motion of the air induces a corresponding vibration behind the drum of your ear. This affects the little nerve line, which telegraphs the same vibration to the brain, and you find yourself thinking the same thought that I am thinking. The telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph; three wonders! No more marvelous, however, than the human voice, with its wonderful effects. Of these three modern inventions, the phonograph may be of the least consequence practically, but theoretically its philosophical inferences are strangely startling.

Imagine two culprits cast into the prison

cell together for some crime which they have committed, but of which no one else has any positive knowledge. In the still hours of the night, with no eye to see them and no ear to hear them, they talk to each other of their crime. Unknown to them, this little revolving cylinder, with its tiny screw-threads and its diaphragm and needle, is set in the wall of the cell, and is noiselessly recording every spoken word, every uttered sound.

After long delays, no matter how long, the prisoners are brought before the judge. The little silent cylinder is also brought into court. Its needle is set at the beginning of the little tin-foil grooves. The cylinder begins to revolve, and lo! "every word spoken in darkness is heard in the light, and that which was spoken in the ear in closets is now proclaimed upon the house-tops." Out of his own mouth the culprit is condemned.

Do we understand the phonograph of the Almighty? His omniscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence appear incomprehensible to us with such limited knowledge and power; but can we not conceive the possibility of an ethereal wave vibrating onward and onward until it confronts us at the final judgment-seat? An impure word, a direct or indirect falsehood, *may* come back to us, and the judge himself may recognize our individual voices. A life of honesty and uprightness, a pure tongue, a generous spirit that speaketh no ill and thinketh no evil, — these things can never condemn us. But an impure thought, a hasty word, may return to torment us, we know not when or where.

XV.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

YOU have all heard, I dare say, the old story of a distinguished artist who painted a portrait of innocence. He took for his subject a beautiful boy, with face fair, frank, and friendly, his hair falling over his shoulders in golden ringlets, his eye full and large, his forehead high and noble, and his whole expression such as would attract one as a sweet face of innocent childhood. He was his mother's love and hope and joy. The painting was finished; it was a great success; everybody praised it. The artist soon became famous, and had a long career, particularly noted for his skill in delineating *character*.

At last, when he was an old man, some friend reminded him that he had never painted the companion picture to this early portrait of "Innocence." "You ought," said he, "to paint a companion piece, representing 'Vice.'" The painter thought upon the matter, and finally decided that if he could find a proper subject he would paint the counterpart for his "Innocence." One evening, as he was returning home, he stumbled over the prostrate form of a man stupefied with intoxicants. Fearing the man would perish, he kindly provided for his restoration to consciousness. He was one mass of filth. His hair long and matted, his face blotched and dirty, his clothing torn and filthy, — he was the impersonation of wretchedness, vice, and crime. "I have my subject," the painter exclaimed; and he painted a faithful portrait of him, and hung it alongside of the picture of "Innocence." Here, then, was the con-

trast. On the one hand, childhood, innocence, joy, hope, ambition. On the other, age, vice, crime, of hope bereft, ambition extinguished, absolute despair pictured upon his every feature. The sot lived but a few days after the picture was finished, but long enough, having seen the child's portrait, to recognize it, in extreme anguish and self-condemnation, as his own, taken in the early days of his innocence and purity.

The story points a moral of great consequence to every one of you. You are school children, young, gay, joyful, happy, looking forward to a long life of honorable labor and success in the world. Will you all attain the goal of your youthful ambitions and aspirations? This is an important question for you. It would be painful in the extreme if one should have full knowledge of the future, and should know and predict that any one of you would fall into vice, crime,

and despair. But neither virtue nor fortune comes without the asking. There are laws which govern life, laws as inexorable as those of physics and chemistry. Nothing but a miracle interferes with these rules of working.

To win success, to achieve usefulness, and to secure happiness, require a well-spent youth. The object and purpose of school and school-life are to raise the young to true manhood. The school is not, primarily, to impart instruction, to cram into the young minds a mass of knowledge, however useful that might prove; but the grand aim of the school, of education, is to develop the genius of manhood, to unfold the higher powers of our being, to discipline the mind, to implant correct habits and accurate notions of things, to gain true views of life, that the recipient of this schooling may know upon what depends life's success and what causes life's

failure; in short, to prepare him to stem the current and to resist temptation; to acquire those habits of probity, industry, and perseverance which alone will give him the elements by which he may command success.

It will be well for you all to bear in mind what these elements of success are. No man can secure true good fortune in life unless he has firmly implanted within him (1) firm adherence to the right, true principle, an honest heart; (2) fixed habits of industry, with that control over his will, his desires, his appetites, his passions, which will permit him to attend steadily to his business; and (3) that perseverance, growing out of his industry and self-control, which will permit him to stick to his business or any object he may wish to pursue till success has been reached and his ideal realized. All these things depend upon strict attention to the duties of home and school at this period of

your life. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," is true if you give the right interpretation to it. Not every one manifests in the school days of youth what he afterwards becomes; but by a careful analysis of what he was and what he did in his early days, the germ, the elements of his future life will generally be found apparent. Attention to duty, loyalty to truth, industry, and fidelity will invariably bring their reward.

"Honesty is the best policy"; not because it is "policy, but because it is *honesty*."

XVI.

THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

IN a few days the people of the United States will elect the chief executive officer for the next four years.* It is important that all the boys, and the girls, too, for that matter, since by and by they may possibly or will probably vote as well as the boys. should know exactly what the entire process is for the election of a President of the United States. Four years ago, on the day of the election, the writer called together his entire school, about two hundred and fifty boys, placed the class studying the United States Constitution, which had just finished their consideration of the executive department, on the front seat, and carried through substantially the following exercise.

* November, 1884.

It is now published with the hope that a similar plan may be used in many schools on the day of election in coming years.

"John, will you state to the school what is the first thing the United States Constitution says about the election of a President?"

"The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, and, together with the Vice-President, chosen for the same term, be elected, as follows."

"What do you think, John, about the length of the term, four years?"

"I think it is too short. If the term were six or eight years, and the President were not eligible to a re-election, there would be less disturbance incident to the contest, and the President would not be trammeled in his action, by the wish to so shape his course as to secure a re-election."

"James, state what the Constitution says about the method of electing presidential electors?"

"Each state shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in the Congress; but no senator or representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector."

"To how many electors, then, is Massachusetts entitled?"

"Massachusetts has twelve representatives and two senators; therefore she is entitled to fourteen electors."

"To how many electors is Delaware entitled?"

"Delaware has only one representative and two senators; therefore Delaware is entitled to three electors."

"To how many, New York?"

"New York has thirty-four representatives, and consequently has thirty-six electors."

"How many electors are there, at present, in all the states?"

"There are thirty-eight states, with seventy-six senators, and three hundred and twenty-five representatives. According to the Constitution, the whole number of electors would be four hundred and one."

"Thomas, you may give the clause of the Constitution in relation to the time of choosing the electors."

"The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes, which day shall be the same throughout the United states."

"Has Congress by law established the day?"

"It has. In 1792 a law was enacted re-

quiring electors to be elected by each state within thirty-four days preceding the first Wednesday in December; but in 1845 Congress passed a law declaring that the electors shall be appointed on the 'Tuesday next after the first Monday in November.'"

"How are these electors appointed?"

"At the present time in every state the electors are chosen by the people. In the earlier days of the Republic they were appointed in different ways in different states. In some of them the Legislature appointed, in others they were elected by the people. South Carolina was the last state to change; she appointed her electors by her Legislature until the civil war. Under her new constitution since the war, she has passed a law providing for their election by the people."

"Now, William, you may repeat the clause in the Constitution which tells how these

electors shall cast their votes for President and Vice-President."

"The electors shall meet in their respective states and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves. They shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and certify and transmit sealed to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the president of the senate; the president of the senate shall, in presence of the senate and house of representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for

President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed."

"When do these electors meet to cast their votes?"

"By the law of 1792 the electors are required to meet and give their votes on the first Wednesday in December."

"At what place do they meet?"

"At such place in each state as the Legislature thereof shall have by law directed. They usually meet at the capital of the state."

"Is there such a thing, then, as the electoral college?"

"There are as many electoral colleges as there are states; the electors, therefore, meet the same day in all the states and cast their votes independently of each other."

"Henry, you may describe the certificates they make and sign."

"The electors are required to make and sign three certificates of all the votes given by them, and to appoint a person to take charge of and deliver one of the certificates to the president of the senate at the seat of the national government before the first Wednesday in January next ensuing.

"If there should then be no president of the senate at the seat of government, the certificate to be deposited with the Secretary of State, to be delivered by him as soon as may be to the president of the senate. Another one of the certificates is to be sent by mail, directed to the president of the senate at the seat of government. The remaining certificate is to be delivered to the judge of the District Court of the United States for the district in which the electors are assembled.

"The executive authority of each state is also directed by the act to make out and

certify three lists of the names of the electors of such state, and the electors are to annex one of those certificates to each of the lists of their votes."

"Suppose, for any reason, the messenger of any state does not deliver the certificate of the vote, and the certificate sent by mail does not reach the president of the senate."

"If a list of votes shall not have been received at the seat of the government on or before the first Wednesday in January, then the Secretary of State shall send a special messenger to the district judge in whose custody a list has been lodged, who shall immediately transmit his list to the seat of government by this messenger."

"When, and how, and by whom are the votes from the several states counted?"

"On the second Wednesday in February succeeding the meeting of the electors, the

certificates shall be opened by the president of the senate, in the presence of the senate and the house of representatives, the votes counted, and the persons who shall fill the office of President and of Vice-President ascertained and declared agreeably to the Constitution."

"When is the President inaugurated?"

"On the 4th of the following March."

"Stephen, what are the requisite qualifications for a President of the United States?"

"The Constitution prescribes three qualifications, viz.: (1.) He shall be thirty-five years old. (2.) He shall be a native-born citizen of the United States. (3.) He shall have been a resident in the United States fourteen years prior to taking his seat."

"You say fourteen years a resident. If a man should travel abroad during that time, would it make him ineligible?"

"No, sir. He would not lose his residence

by a trip abroad, if he still retained his home and legal residence."

"Suppose he should be abroad on government service?"

"That does not cause him to lose his residence. James Buchanan was minister to Great Britain, just prior to his election as President. A government officer on foreign service still retains his residence at his home. Moreover, should he have children born abroad, they will be considered as native-born citizens."

"Albert, suppose there is no choice by the electors; what then?"

"The Constitution provides that the house of representatives shall immediately choose, by ballot, a President from the persons having the highest number, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President."

"How shall this vote be taken?"

"The vote shall be taken by states, each state having one vote."

"Well, now we have followed the method of electing a President through, step by step. But let us return and see if we altogether understand it. Robert, what is the first thing, practically, that is done toward the election of a President?"

"The election of the electors."

"That, I grant, is the first step provided by the Constitution. But, practically, is there nothing done preceding the election of the electors?"

"Yes, sir; there are always at least two great political parties in the country. Each party calls a general convention from the whole country to nominate a President, and these political conventions put their candidates in nomination. Then, in every state, each party, by convention, nominates their candidates for electors; so that in voting for

a particular set of electors it is understood to be equivalent to voting for such a candidate for President."

"George, do not the citizens vote directly for the President?"

"No, sir. The printed ballots usually have at the head the name of the party, followed by the name of the candidate for President and for Vice-President, and then, below, the names of the proposed electors."

"Now, Winthrop, is this all necessary for the vote?"

"No, sir; all that is necessary is the names of the electors. Each citizen votes only for the electors, and not for President and Vice-President. Their names might be torn off from the ballot without affecting the value of the vote."

The teacher, in carrying on this exercise in his school, should have in hand specimens

of ballots, and exhibit them, and explain further upon this point.

"Hollis, when is the President elected?"

"When the presidential electors cast their votes for President, on the first Wednesday in December."

"But is it not practically certain before that time?"

"Yes, sir. The electors are substantially pledged to vote for the party candidate previously nominated; so that when they are elected, on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, it is practically certain who is to be President, although he is not then elected."

There are many other matters which would make an interesting discussion for us, as the whole question of the election of Vice-President by the electors or by the senate, the succession to the Presidency and to the Vice-Presidency, etc.; but we have had enough

for one lesson. Please consider for a moment what a grand sight it is to-day, to see a nation of fifty millions of people placing their votes quietly in the ballot-box for their chief magistrate for the next four years. Perhaps we can all now sing "America."

XVII.

WHAT DO THE BOYS READ?

FEW questions of more vital importance to the proper growth, development, culture, and character of boys are now before the public than the question, "*What do they read?*" Perhaps few have been more neglected in the past. It is gratifying to find a new interest now being awakened concerning this subject on the part of teachers, parents, and the public generally. It is high time this matter received a more careful attention. When we find the most demoralizing tendencies and the most direct inculcation of vice and vicious propensities spread broadcast through the mails and other channels, by means of low and immoral papers and pam-

phlets, wild and highly wrought stories, improbable adventures, prize fights, brutal and vicious incidents, the details of crime spread out in all its revolting features upon the printed page, Indian and frontier life, etc., we may not be much surprised if youthful bands of robbers, burglars, and thieves are found in all our cities and large towns.

Moreover, there is, in the nature of the case, no good reason for such a state of things. There never was a time when the young had easy access to so many and such a variety of good books, suited to all classes and all tastes.

Books, in great number and variety, both new and old, of the very best quality, can be had by all young people. It is gratifying, now and then, to find teachers, as we frequently do nowadays, who are taking great pains to place before their pupils good books.

In a school-room of forty boys, of the age of nine, ten, and eleven years, the teacher a few days ago inquired how many of them were then reading some book. She found by their answers that one half of them were then engaged in reading the following books:

"Arabian Nights' Entertainment," "A Brave Soldier," "A Family Flight through Egypt and Spain," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Young Rover," "Little Men," "Little Women," "Zigzag — Classic Lands," "Life of Washington," "The Little Camp," "Hawthorne's Wonder Book," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "From the Hudson to the Neva," "Uncle Remus — His Songs and Sayings," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress" (by two boys), "Land and Game Birds of New England," "Boys of Seventy-six," "Child's History of the United States."

The above was not the result of any special care. The pupils did not know that the question was to be asked of them. No particular attention had been directed to the subject before making this record, only the

pupils had been under good general training in relation to the subject.

In another room of the same school, consisting of fifty or sixty older boys, another record has been made up. A little over seven years ago a record was taken, there being then present just sixty boys of between fourteen and nineteen years of age, of the most popular books read by them. This record was taken Nov. 15, 1876. Another similar record was taken from the same room, March 13, 1884, there being that day present in the room forty-nine boys, no one of whom was in the previous record. The result will be given in the table below. The figures in the first column show the number of boys out of *sixty* who, in 1876, had read the books indicated; the figures in the second show the number, out of *forty-nine* boys, who had read the same books in 1884. All books are given which

had over *five* readers among the number present: —

	In 1876.	In 1884.
Robinson Crusoe	52	38
Uncle Tom's Cabin	46	23
Swiss Family Robinson	38	27
Ragged Dick	36	27
Arabian Nights	34	29
Life of P. T. Barnum	33	12
Life of Daniel Boone	30	12
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea	28	29
One volume of Jack Harkaway	27	6
School Days at Rugby	25	30
Tom Brown at Oxford	17	8
Round the World in Eighty Days	24	18
Helen's Babies	19	21
Gulliver's Travels	19	18
The Mysterious Island	18	14
Cudjoe's Cave	16	10
The Last of the Mohicans	16	10
Cooper's Pioneers	15	13
Cooper's Deerslayer	14	10
A Journey to the Center of the Earth	13	8
Mark Twain's Innocents Abroad	11	13
Ivanhoe	12	14

	In 1876.	In 1884.
Waverley	10	3
Seven Oaks	8	1
Pickwick Papers	8	11
Red Rover	8	7
The New Testament through	7	3
Lossing's Civil War in America	5	3

To this list the following were added in the last examination (March, 1884), which were not included in the former record: —

	In 1884.
Peck's Bad Boy	33
Coffin's Boys of Seventy-six	24
Little Men	18
Vicar of Wakefield	15
Life of Kit Carson	15
Oliver Twist	14
Old Curiosity Shop	13
Little Women	13
Roughing It	9
Talisman	7
Rob Roy	6
Quentin Durward	5
Kenilworth	5
Barnaby Rudge	5

A careful examination of the above list, observing the number of readers for each book, and the change in number from the 1876 record to that of 1884, will prove of much interest to teachers. It should be remembered that the former record was from *sixty* pupils, and the latter from only *forty-nine*.

XVIII.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

IT is my purpose to give to you this morning a series of facts in reference to the several distinguished men who have been elevated to the high office of President of the United States. You will not fail to remember that this is the highest political office that can be given to a man in the whole world.

To be chosen by popular suffrage — for it amounts to that, although by a little circumlocution — to be the chief executive officer for a term of four years of this great nation, probably the strongest, undoubtedly the most active and energetic, and perhaps the most intelligent nation on earth, — a nation

now numbering nearly sixty millions of free people,—this is, without dispute, the greatest political honor that can be bestowed upon a man. The list of names of the men who have attained to this high rank is a worthy list. From George Washington to Chester A. Arthur, we need not be ashamed of the rulers of our people. I wish to name to you a series of facts which will show to you, in very brief epitome, their lives. These facts will include something about their education, the age at which those who had a collegiate course of study graduated, their age in entering active life, the age at which they became President, and their age at death. By placing these facts also upon the blackboard in a tabulated form, you can gather important suggestions from them. That I shall leave to be done in the several rooms.

1. George Washington. At 13 wrote 110 maxims of civility and good behavior; began

surveying at 16 for a doubloon a day; adjutant at 19; commanded a regiment at 22; married at 27; commander-in-chief at 43; President at 57; died at 68.

2. John Adams. Graduated at Harvard at 20; admitted to the bar at 23; married at 29; interested in political affairs at 30; elected to Massachusetts Legislature at 35; delegate to Continental Congress at 40; seconded a motion by Richard Henry Lee in Congress for the independence of the United States at 41; negotiated the treaty of peace with England (with Jay and Franklin) at 47; minister to St. James at 50; Vice-President at 54; President at 61; died at 90.

3. Thomas Jefferson. Entered college at 17; admitted to the bar at 24; married at 29; Continental Congress at 32; drew the Declaration of Independence at 33; governor of Virginia at 36; minister to France

at 41; Secretary of State at 48; Vice-President of the United States at 53; President from 57 to 65; died at 83.

4. James Madison. Entered college at 18; Continental Congress at 29; delegate to the Constitutional Convention at 36; Congress from 38 to 46; President at 58; died at 85.

5. James Monroe. Graduated at college at 18; entered the army at 18; Continental Congress at 25; United States senator at 32; governor of Virginia at 41; envoy extraordinary to France, and purchased Louisiana at 45; President at 59; died at 73.

6. John Quincy Adams. At 11 attended school in Paris; entered the University of Leyden at 13; graduated at Harvard at 21; admitted to the bar at 24; minister to the Hague at 27; married at 30; minister to Berlin from 30 to 34; United States senator at 36; professor rhetoric at Harvard at 38;

minister to Prussia at 39, and to St. James at 48; Secretary of State at 50; President at 57; representative to Congress 63 to over 80, when he died.

7. Andrew Jackson. Commenced study of law at 18; admitted to the bar at 19; married at 24; representative in Congress at 29; senator at 30; major-general in the United States Army at 47; won the battle of New Orleans at 48; Seminole war at 50; President of the United States at 61; died at 78.

8. Martin Van Buren. Was admitted to the bar at 21; United States senator at 39; governor of New York at 46; President of the United States at 55; died at 80.

9. William Henry Harrison. Lieutenant at 19; captain at 22; governor of Territory of Indiana at 28; battle of Tippecanoe at 38; United States senator at 52; President at 67.

10. John Tyler. Graduated at college at 16; admitted to the bar at 19; Virginia Legislature at 21; governor of Virginia at 35; United States senator at 37; President at 51; died at 72.

11. James K. Polk. Graduated at college at 23; admitted to the bar at 25; Tennessee Legislature at 28; governor of Tennessee at 44; President of the United States at 49; died at 54.

12. Zachary Taylor. Was on his father's plantation till 24; first lieutenant at 24; captain at 26; major at 28; lieutenant-colonel at 35; colonel at 48; brigadier-general at 54; major-general at 62; war with Mexico from 62 to 64; President of the United States at 66; died at 67.

13. Millard Fillmore. Spent four years at wool-carding; commenced the study of law at 19; commenced practice at bar at 23; admitted attorney at 27; admitted counsellor

Supreme Court at 29; member of Congress at 33; President of the United States at 50; died at 74.

14. Franklin Peirce. Graduated from college at 20; admitted to the bar at 23; member of Congress at 29; married at 30; United States senator at 33; colonel at 42; brigadier-general at 43; President of the United States at 50.

15. James Buchanan. Was admitted to the bar at 21; member of Congress at 30; minister to Russia at 41; United States senator at 43; Secretary of State at 54; minister to England at 62; President of the United States at 65; died at 77.

16. Abraham Lincoln. On his father's farm till 17; made a trip to New Orleans on a flat-boat as hired hand at 19; commanded a company in the Black Hawk war at 23; soon after began to study law; Legislature of Illinois at 25; licensed to practice law at

27; member of Congress at 38; canvassed Illinois with Douglass at 49; President of the United States at 51; died by the hand of the assassin at 56.

17. Andrew Johnson. Apprentice to a tailor from 10 to 16; taught himself to read while apprentice; journeyman tailor from 16 to 18; married at 19; alderman at 20; mayor at 23; Legislature at 27; state senator at 33; member of Congress at 35; governor of Tennessee at 45; United States senator at 49; President of the United States at 57; died at 67.

18. U. S. Grant. West Point at 21; Mexican War at 24; brevet first lieutenant and captain; captain in Oregon at 31; colonel 21st Illinois Volunteers at 39; brigadier-general at 39; major-general at 40; Lee's surrender at 43; President at 47.

19. Rutherford B. Hayes. Graduated from college at 20; admitted to the bar at

23; city solicitor at 36; major at 39; lieutenant-colonel at 40; brevetted major-general at 42; member of Congress at 42; governor of Ohio at 45; President at 56.

20. James A. Garfield. Driver on Erie Canal at 17; boatman before 18; entered an academy, boarding himself, at 18; taught school at 18; entered college at 21; graduated at 25; president of Hiram College at 26; state senator at 28; colonel at 30; commanded brigade at 30; brigadier-general at 31; major-general at 31; member of Congress at 32; President at 49; died by the hand of an assassin at 49.

21. Chester A. Arthur. Graduated at 18; admitted to the bar at 21; quartermaster-general state of New York at 32; collector of New York at 43; elected Vice-President at 50; President at 51.

Average dates, so far as given above, of the Presidents: —

	Average age.
11 Graduated from College . .	20 yrs. 5 mos.
12 Admitted to the bar . . .	23 " 5 "
9 Married	27 "
11 Member of Congress or Continental Congress . . .	32 " 11 "
6 United States senator . . .	39 "
3 Member of Cabinet . . .	50 " 8 "
21 President of the United States .	54 " 3 "
17 Died	71 " 9 "
Youngest President, U. S. Grant	47 "
Oldest President, W. H. Harrison	67 "
Died youngest, James A. Garfield	49 "
Died oldest, John Adams . .	90 "
Married youngest, A. Johnson .	19 "
Married oldest, J. Q. Adams and Franklin Pierce . . .	30 "

XIX.

FACTS AND DATES IN THE LIVES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

A FEW days ago I gave you some facts and dates in regard to the Presidents of the United States. Today we will consider similar facts and dates in regard to eighteen distinguished men, scholarly men, a majority of them presidents of colleges, others men in public or political life. By placing these facts upon the blackboard in a tabulated form, in the several rooms, your teachers will be able to draw important generalizations from them.

I have selected prominent men who have attained distinction within the last fifty years, in political and educational life.

1. Francis Wayland. Graduated from Union College at 17; studied medicine three years; theology at Andover one year; tutor Union College at 21; pastor First Baptist Church, Boston, at 25; professor mathematics and natural philosophy at Union College at 30; president Brown University at 31; died at 69.

2. Barnas Sears. Graduated from Brown University at 23; finished theological course at Newton at 27; pastor in Hartford 2 years; professor theological institution at 29; went to Europe at 31; professor at Newton and president from 34 to 46; secretary Board of Education of Massachusetts at 46; president Brown University at 53; agent Peabody Educational Fund at 65; died at 78.

3. E. G. Robinson. Graduated at Brown University at 23, in the famous class of 1838; ordained at 27; professor in Theological Seminary at Covington, Ky., at 31; and at

Rochester at 37; editor of *Christian Review* at 44; president Rochester Theological Seminary at 45; president of Brown University at 57.

4. Henry B. Anthony. Graduated at Brown University at 18; governor of Rhode Island at 34; United States senator from 44 to 69; died at 69.

5. Ambrose E. Burnside. Graduated from West Point at 23; major-general volunteers at 37; governor of Rhode Island at 42; United States senator from 49 to 56; died at 56.

6. Timothy Dwight. Graduated from Yale at 17; tutor at Yale at 19; licensed to preach at 25; then worked on farm four years; Connecticut Legislature at 29; ordained minister at 31; president of Yale from 43 to 65; died at 65.

7. Jeremiah Day. Graduated from Yale at 22; tutor in Williams at 23; tutor in

Yale at 25; professor in Yale at 26; president of Yale from 44 to 73; died at 94.

8. Theodore D. Woolsey. Graduated from Yale at 19; tutor in Yale at 22; professor in Yale at 30; president from 45 to 70.

9. Cornelius C. Felton. Graduated from Harvard University at 20; tutor in Harvard University at 22; professor in Harvard University at 25; president of Harvard University at 53; died at 55.

10. Charles William Eliot. Graduated from Harvard University at 19; tutor in Harvard University at 20; assistant professor in Harvard University at 24; professor of chemistry in Massachusetts Institute of Technology at 31; president of Harvard University at 35.

11. Jared Sparks. Graduated from Harvard University at 26; minister at Baltimore from 30 to 34; editor *North American Re-*

view from 34 to 41; professor in Harvard University from 50 to 60; president of Harvard University from 60 to 63; principal writings from 39 to 65; died at 77.

12. Edward Everett. Graduated from Harvard University at 17; tutor in Harvard University at 18; ordained at 20; appointed professor in Harvard University at 21; studied two years in Europe; commenced duties as professor of Greek at 23; married at 28; member of Congress from 31 to 41; governor of Massachusetts from 42 to 46; minister to England from 47 to 52; president of Harvard University from 52 to 55; Secretary of State from 59 to 60; United States senator from 61 to 62; died at 71.

13. Daniel Webster. Graduated from Dartmouth College at 19; admitted to the bar at 23; member of Congress from 31 to 35; famous Dartmouth College case at 35;

Plymouth anniversary discourse at 38; discourse at laying the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument at 43; discourse at the completion of Bunker Hill Monument at 61; eulogy on Adams and Jefferson at 44; United States senator from 45 to 57; great speech in reply to Hayne at 48; Secretary of State at 58; 7th of March compromise speech at 68; died at 70.

14. Henry Clay. Admitted to the bar at 20; Kentucky Legislature at 25; United States senate at 29; in senate at different times sixteen years; Secretary of State at 48; died at 75.

15. Rufus Choate. Graduated from Dartmouth College at 20; began the practice of law at 25; member of Congress at 33; United States senate from 42 to 46; died at 60.

16. Horace Greeley. Learned printer's trade from 15 to 19; went to New York at

20; began *Morning Post*, the first penny daily ever published, at 22; founded the *New Yorker* at 23; edited the *Jeffersonian* at 27; edited *Log Cabin* at 29; founded the *New York Tribune* at 30. He had no great success till he was 30; wrote "History of the American Conflict" from 53 to 55; candidate for President of the United States at 61; died at 61.

17. Louis Agassiz. Studied at Brienne, College of Lausanne, Zurich Medical School, 17 and 18; Universities of Heidelberg and Munich four years; professor of natural history at Neufchatel at 25; published his great work on fossil fishes (5 vols.) from 23 to 33; professor zoölogy and geology of Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge from 41 to 68; died at 68.

18. Horace Mann. Graduated from Brown University at 25; admitted to the bar at 27; Massachusetts house of representa-

tives at 32; Massachusetts senate at 37; secretary Massachusetts Board of Education from 41 to 52; member of Congress at 52; president of Antioch College from 56 to 63; died at 63.

Of the foregoing 18 persons, 11 were presidents of colleges, 6 were in political life, 1 was a teacher.

	Average age.
13 Graduated at college . . .	20 yrs. 5 mos.
10 Admitted to bar, or ordained minister	25 " 5 "
4 Member of Congress . . .	36 " 9 "
6 United States senate . . .	45 "
7 Tutor of college	20 " 8 "
9 Professor in college . . .	30 "
11 President of college . . .	48 "
15 Died	69 "
Youngest President of college, Francis Wayland . . .	31 "
Oldest President of college, Jared Sparks	60 "
Youngest died, C. C. Felton .	55 "
Oldest died, Jeremiah Day .	94 "

It will be observed from the foregoing summary that these distinguished persons began life, on an average, early. Seven of them were tutors in college, on an average, before they were twenty-one years of age; the youngest when he was eighteen, the oldest at twenty-three.

XX.

TWO YANKEE BOYS.

"MASTER, please show me how to do this sum?"

"What is it? Let me see it."

"Here it is, on this piece o' paper. I don't know as you can read it."

The problem read as follows: "A certain man died, leaving a will which provided that if at his death he should have only a son, the son should receive two thirds of his estate and the widow one third; but if he should leave only a daughter, the widow should receive two thirds and the daughter one third. It happened, however, that he left both a son and a daughter, by which, in equity, the widow received $2,400 less than

she would have had if there had been only a daughter; how much would she have received if there had been only a son?" *

"Where did you get this problem, Daniel?"

"A fellow sent it over to me from the Quabbin district. He said that none of the boys over there could do it, and the master could not do it, either."

"Well, Daniel, I will try it when I get a few minutes' leisure."

This occurred in the old school-house, in the Center district of N——, Mass., in the winter of 1848–9.

For two days the master labored on the problem, and then, upon Daniel's inquiry, he said he did not believe it could be done. He had tried it in all ways, but could not make it prove; whereupon a boy named Levi, a

* This problem came from an old English arithmetic of a century ago.

lad about fifteen years old, asked if he could try it.

"Yes," said the master, "you can try it, Levi; but you will hardly succeed, I think."

In about five minutes, Levi said, "Here, master, I have it," and modestly handed up his slate.

This was the solution: —

The daughter would have	1 share.
The widow twice as much . . .	2 "
The son twice the widow's share . .	4 "
The whole	7 "

Now the widow received $\frac{2}{7}$ of the estate, but if there had been only a daughter, she would have had $\frac{2}{3}$ of it; $\frac{2}{3}$ of the estate minus $\frac{2}{7}$ of it $= \frac{8}{21}$ of it; therefore $\frac{8}{21}$ of the estate $=$ \$2,400. Then $\frac{1}{21}$ will equal \$300, and the estate will equal \$6,300. The question is, How much would she have received if there had been only a son? That means, what would $\frac{1}{3}$ of the estate be? It would be \$2,100. *Answer.*

"It proves, too; see here. The estate was divided this way: —

Daughter received $\frac{1}{7}$, which is . . .	$900
Widow received $\frac{2}{7}$, which is . . .	1,800
Son received $\frac{4}{7}$, which is . . .	3,600
Whole estate	$6,300

If there had been a daughter only, the widow would have $\frac{2}{3}$, or $4,200. $4,200 — $1,800 = $2,400."

"Well done, Levi! You are a *smart boy*."

"Oh, that is nothin'. I can do harder sums than that."

Daniel was delighted that some one of his school-fellows had solved the problem, for now he could brag of the *smartness* of his school, and its superiority to the school in the Quabbin district.

In due time, therefore, the solution was forwarded to Quabbin. There it was studied carefully by teacher and pupils. The boy who had tried the hardest, and spent the

most hours over it in vain, was named Calvin. He now felt decidedly chagrined at his failure to solve it. It was certainly easy enough after you knew how.

The winter passed away. Late in the spring Calvin found an opportunity to go over to the Center district one warm afternoon. He had never forgotten the problem, nor had his admiration for the boy who performed it weakened as time passed on. Arriving, therefore, in the village, he diligently inquired for a boy named Levi ——.

At last he found a man who knew him.

"Do you see that large white building over there — a shoe-shop?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, that is n't the place; but you go around through the lane beyond that white shop, and back in the rear you will find a small, one-story, wood-colored building, with a basement on the back side; down in

that basement you will find Levi pegging shoes."

Calvin lost no time in following these explicit directions, and opening the door, he looked in and inquired, —

"Is your name Levi?"

"Yes, my name is Levi. What of it?"

"Well, did you do a sum last winter?" and he described the problem.

"Yes, I did that; that's nothing."

And so these two boys were now introduced to each other. Their families were both poor, and though not yet sixteen, they were obliged to earn their living, — the one on a farm, the other pegging shoes.

Calvin was a well-formed boy, handsome, with a ruddy face, black hair, and black eyes.

Levi was light complexioned, with light hair, features far from regular, not handsome, sedate-looking, and generally wearing a cross scowl upon his face. When his face

lighted up, however, as it would to his friends, or especially when he was particularly pleased with some success of a friend, he wore a genial, pleasant smile, which really made his features handsome and winning.

These boys, thus introduced to each other, and now to the reader, soon became firm friends, and remain so to this day. Their life brings its lesson of what a New England boy can do, if he only have courage and perseverance.

They met many times during the years between 1850 and 1860; and when the war of the rebellion commenced, it found them both practicing law in the city of New York. They at once gave up their business and entered the army. One raised a regiment and was appointed colonel, and the other commissioned major; and so they went to the war. Think you, when they were bivouacking on

the sands of the Old Dominion, some warm night, with the full moon shining down with its clear and calm light, reminding them of their childhood's homes in the old Bay State, the thought of the arithmetical puzzle did not come up in their remembrance, and was not the story of how they became acquainted with each other often told to their companions-in-arms?

I have said that they were both poor; yet after getting a good common-school education, and a few terms at an academy, they both studied law. Calvin studied with Judge Chapin, in Worcester, and in due time was admitted to the bar, and began his practice there. Afterward he went to New York, and there entered the arena, striving for legal and political distinction. He has now been for many years a distinguished judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. When he was studying law, he

gained his livelihood by practicing in the police courts, where he achieved a distinguished success.

Levi began the study of law in Worcester, but afterward entered the then famous law school at Balston Spa, N. Y., which was soon moved to Poughkeepsie. On his graduation he was offered at once a professorship in the law school, which he refused, and going to New York he "put out his shingle" at 156 Broadway. Imagine a young man, without experience, quiet, modest, but persevering, an entire stranger in the great city, attempting to earn a livelihood at the bar. But that livelihood he *did* earn *the very first year*, and he is now having a lucrative practice. He owns an elegant home in New Jersey, and has educated a sister, who is now a successful lady physician in New York, noted far and wide, and a younger brother who is a distinguished dentist in a neighboring state.

In what other country on the globe could such a history have been possible? But here, this is only one instance of success from small beginnings, and every town can furnish others. Boys at this day, who have good health and a sufficient amount of *industry and perseverance*, can achieve any success within the reach of man.

XXI.

THE BOYHOOD OF DR. ELIPHALET NOTT.

FEW subjects interest boys more than the boyhood of distinguished men. Few convey more important lessons to boys or men.

Among the most noted men of our country may be mentioned Rev. Eliphalet Nott, D. D., LL. D. He was born in Ashford, Conn., June 25, 1773, just before the beginning of the American Revolution. He was graduated at Brown University, when he was twenty-two years of age. He was licensed to preach the same year, and his first pastoral labors were in Cherry Valley, N. Y. From 1798 to 1804 he was pastor of a Presbyterian church in Albany. Here he

acquired great celebrity as a pulpit orator, especially by a sermon on the death of Alexander Hamilton, the great statesman, who was shot in a duel by the noted Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States. Soon after this he was chosen president of Union College at Schenectady, which position he held for more than sixty years. He therefore educated a large number of young men, and when he had been president of the college for fifty years, six or eight hundred gentlemen, from all the walks of life, who had graduated under his presidency, came together to do him honor at the Commencement in 1854.

He was one of the model teachers of America. Besides his distinction as a pulpit orator and a college president, he gained great note by his practical inventions, especially in the construction of stoves for heating buildings. By his inventions he

acquired considerable wealth, from which he contributed largely to the funds of Union College.

What opportunities had this justly distinguished, truly learned, and eminently devout man in his boyhood? What was the character of his parents?

His father and his mother were very excellent Christians. They were devout, conscientious, godly persons. They lived on a small farm of poor soil, in Southern Connecticut, until a little while before the birth of this son, when their house was burned down, and, as they had not the means to rebuild it, they sold their farm, and with the proceeds bought a still poorer one, of fewer acres, in an extreme corner of the hill town of Ashford. It was four miles from the village and the church. During the early boyhood of Eliphalet his father had no horse, but, in bad weather, when they could not

walk to church, the family were drawn over the rough and hilly roads of that long four miles by their only cow. Yet they were *always at church*.

During one winter, Mr. Nott's overcoat had become so well worn that Mrs. Nott told her husband it was not fit to be worn to church any longer. But he had no money to buy a new one. Should he stay away from divine service? Not he! To this proposition, neither he nor his good wife would assent. Soon, however, the good woman devised a plan to free them from the difficulty. She suggested to her husband that they could shear their only "cosset" sheep, and that the fleece would furnish wool enough for a new overcoat.

"What!" says the old man, "shear the cosset in January! It will freeze."

"Ah, no, it will not," says the good wife, "I will see to that: the lamb shall not suffer."

She sheared the cosset, and then wrapped the sheep in a blanket of burlaps, well sewed on, which kept it warm till its wool had grown again.

This fleece Mrs. Nott carded, spun, and wove into cloth, then cut and made the garment for her husband, *and it was worn to church on the following Sabbath.**

But Eliphalet contended not only with poverty, but with orphanhood. While yet a mere lad, he lost by death that good father, and also his devoted mother. The orphan boy then went to live with his older brother, the Rev. Samuel Nott, D. D., in Franklin, Conn. This brother had risen from poverty and obscurity, had fitted himself for college, graduated at Yale when he was nearly

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* Tradition says that all this was done within one week's time, but for the truth of this I will not vouch. It would certainly seem quite improbable.

twenty-seven years of age, received from his alma mater the degree of D. D. five years later, was settled over the church in Franklin in 1782, and held the office of pastor of that church till his death in 1852, a period of *seventy years*, the full age of man, — "*threescore years and ten.*" "Although thus outliving his generation," says his biographer, "*he was feeble and sickly when young.*"

It was his son, Rev. Samuel Nott, who was one of that first band of missionaries sent out by the American Board to India in 1812. President Nott died in the *ninety-third* year of his age. His brother Samuel lived to be over *ninety-eight*, and the missionary Samuel at the time of his death was *eighty one* years old.

"I have been young and now am old," says the Psalmist, "yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

"Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments. *His seed shall be mighty upon earth; the generation of the upright shall be blessed.*"

XXII.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

MANY seem to think that the *polemic age* has passed, and that this is the period of deeds, not words. How strange it sounds that at Joseph Cook's last symposium, the most radical orthodox and the most radical extreme from orthodoxy failed to get up a discussion! Let the gauntlet be thrown down with never so small bluster, there was no disposition to pick it up. What, pray, would Cotton Mather, or Roger Williams, or George Fox, or — shall I say it — Jonathan Edwards or Leonard Woods have said to such a circumstance? But the times change, and the people change with them. Our age has its faults and it has its excellences.

If there is one lesson which it ought to

learn, it is that piety and *right doing* should never be divorced. The blessed Saviour is our *example*, and "He went about *doing good*." So the Christian should be distinguished by the good deeds which he does.

"Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith *by my works*," says the Apostle James, when commenting upon and explaining Brother Paul's beautiful discourse upon the necessity of *faith* as the cardinal Christian virtue.

In a large New England city a few winters ago, a gentleman, not a church member, late one very cold evening stepped into an eating saloon to get a cup of tea. In the front part of the saloon, next the street door, was a large stove; near this stove had gathered several newsboys. Nice, fresh-fried doughnuts were a specialty at this particular restaurant, and those which happened to be left over from yesterday (called stale doughnuts)

were sold at half price, or one cent apiece. These boys would therefore come in, buy a "stale doughnut," and then, *being customers*, would feel at liberty to stop and warm by the stove. This gentleman, while drinking his tea, observed the bright, active appearance of one of these lads, who seemed to be the leader of the group, and calling him to himself, asked him if he and his companions would not like to have a fresh doughnut.

"*Bet* I would, if I had the chink," said the boy.

"Well, bring your friends up to the counter and get one," said the gentleman.

"Come on, boys, this Mister 's going to treat; draw up, all of you."

The boys, with a rush, all mounted the high stools standing before the tall counter, and began to crack their jokes as only street gamins know how to do.

The gentleman ordered the waiter to give

each boy a cup of tea and two fresh doughnuts. Imagine — if you are acquainted with these newsboys of the street; otherwise you cannot—those six boys drawn up in front of that counter, each with his cup of tea before him and a long twisted doughnut in each hand, taking first a bite from one, then from the other, then laying them both down and sipping his cup of tea, lifted with both hands.

Their feet and fingers may have been half frozen, but their tongues were limber, and the jokes went round, sparkling with genuine wit. After observing them for a while, and paying the bill, my friend bade the boys good night, and started towards the door.

Just then, quick as thought, as though a new idea had just entered his mind, the lad, the leader of the boys, spoke out quick and sharp, "*Say, Mister, do you keep a church?*" Obviously *he* knew what was meant by *practical Christianity*.

XXIII.

HABITS OF INDUSTRY.

I HAVE given to this school many "Talks," first and last, and I fear most of them have been designed more particularly for the older classes. But this morning I propose to address the younger boys, and if the older ones find anything interesting to listen to they are welcome to it. I often have occasion to think that many boys suppose their education is to be received wholly at school. Perhaps this thought is natural to them, but it is not true. Your education is quite as much, if not more, dependent upon what you do, and what you learn, out of school as in school. The home, the shop, the street, the rail car are schools for

you, where you may add materially to the stock of knowledge and mental discipline which you acquire at school; or, by a wrong course, you may overthrow and vitiate what good might otherwise be obtained from your school work. Let me point out one way in which you may improve yourselves out of school.

You all need to learn to be *industrious.* You should all have some duties to do at home, every day. These duties should always be performed with care and fidelity. You should remember that you are indebted to your parents, and brothers, and sisters, for the comforts of life, and each should have a desire to help in family affairs, to have your little duties to perform, which you would attend to scrupulously and conscientiously.

The small boy upon the farm has the best opportunity to learn these home lessons

of industry. He will bring in the wood from the wood-house, feed the hens, water the horse, and in many ways make himself a useful member of the household. Habits of industry are among the most valuable lessons to be acquired in early youth.

Sometimes this industry may not be needed in the family in the ordinary manner, but there may be special reasons and particular ways of exercising it, which will have a vast influence upon the future life of the boy. It not unfrequently happens that a boy may show his love to his sister or his mother by some skillful work, devised and executed by him, which will be of more service to him than to them. A few evenings since I was thinking over this subject, and a number of illustrations came to my mind, which I wished to give to you. In order that I might not forget them, and that I might relate them in the most graphic manner, I wrote them out,

and now propose to read them to you. The first one is designed to illustrate a boy's love for his sister, and tells what means he found for carrying out his purpose of securing for her a new pen-knife. I was well acquainted with the persons mentioned in the story, and can vouch for the truth of it.

I have written it, as though told by the sister who was a school-teacher to her school-boys.

MY NEW PEN-KNIFE.

A TRUE STORY FOR BOYS.

Now, my dear boys, I want to tell you a true story. It is not one of those tales which claim to be "founded on fact," but, as I know you like truth better than fiction, my story shall be wholly true.

You must know, then, that my brother and I were orphan children. Our dear father died when we were quite young. We

lived at grandfather's. We had an older sister, Ruth, who lived with our mother. My brother and I loved each other dearly, and shared each other's joys and sorrows.

When I was fifteen years old I began my life work of teaching school. It was many years ago, and every teacher was obliged to make and mend the pens for the scholars, for steel pens had not then come into use, but quills were always used for writing. It was necessary for me, therefore, to have a pen-knife. My mother bought me one, a cheap one, paying twelve and a half cents for it. The sides of the handle were made of horn, and were transparent. Under the horn was a motto, on each side. On the one side was the motto, —

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

On the other side was the motto, —

"Fair and softly goes far in a day."

I took my knife to our good Uncle Buffum, our great-uncle, being brother to our grandmother, that he might sharpen it.

He honed it, and strapped it, and tried it again and again, but could not get a good edge upon it. He said it was "good for nothing; it was soft."

Well, my brother, who was four years younger than I was, sat and watched Uncle Buffum work away, trying in vain to get a good edge upon the knife. When he saw that the knife was not fit to make a pen with, he went away very sad, thinking how much he wished it were in his power to buy his dear sister a better knife. But he had no money. We were all poor. We lived on a farm four or five miles from any village. But, you know, boys, that where there is a will there is a way. One of the good mottoes for ambitious youth is this, —

"Find a way or make a way."

So my brother thought and thought upon the subject, till he found a way to get me a new knife. He caught a woodchuck, took off its skin, and asked his Uncle Richard to tan the skin for him. This was done by taking off the hair in wood ashes, and then placing the skin, properly prepared, in soft soap. After it had remained in the soap a sufficient length of time, it was taken out, and finally became a soft, nice piece of good leather.

Then, Uncle Buffum, who was a shoemaker, a watchmaker, a general tinker (a most ingenious man), was applied to, with the request that from this skin he would cut out the strands for a whip-lash.

At length that was done, and my little brother, then between eleven and twelve years old, went to work to braid a long whip-lash, such as the farmers use in driving their oxen.

It was no easy task, but the boy's love for

his sister triumphed, and erelong he had a nice whip-lash, some four feet long, all finished, and properly tied at the end.

Now he waited for an opportunity to go to the village and sell it. Soon the time came when a large bag of salt was needed to salt the hay, which was rapidly filling the barn, and my brother was dispatched to the village to obtain it.

Hastily running up-stairs to his room, he took the lash and carried it with him to the village store. Having purchased the salt, and seeing it placed in the hind end of the farm wagon, he tremblingly exhibited to the store-keeper his white, well-braided whip-lash, and asked him if he would buy it.

"Where did you get it?" asked the merchant.

"I braided it myself," said the boy.

"Did you, indeed! You must be a pretty smart boy. What do you want to buy with it; some candy?"

"No, sir. I want to get a first-rate pen-knife for my sister; a good one, one of your 'Rodgers, Cutlers to Her Majesty,' knives."

So the bargain was concluded, and the lash was exchanged for a good, black-handled, Rodgers pen-knife, the price of which was two shillings, that is, thirty-three cents.

I need not tell you how pleased my brother was, how many times he took that knife out of his pocket on the way home, to look at it, or how he seized the first opportunity to get Uncle Buffum to sharpen its edge.

It was finally honed and strapped, until Uncle Buffum said, "There, that will cut like buttermilleck. It is a piece of excellent steel; a first-rate knife."

How happy was my brother, how anxious he was to give it to me; and when he did present it, with what pride he said, —

"There; there is a knife that will mend a

pen. It is real 'Rodgers, Cutlers,' and you may throw away that old soft thing that mother bought. I am not going to have *my* sister mend pens with such a mean old knife. Here, take this; I bought it for you; it is yours."

But I did not throw the old knife away. I kept it; and I kept the other, too, as a precious love-token from my brother. How many pens I have made and mended with the "Rodgers" knife, I cannot tell. But during those years before the advent of steel pens, I always used it, and no other. Then I laid the dear knife away beside the other, and there the two lie today in one of my little pasteboard boxes in a closet. My dear boys, the good Apostle John said, "Little children, love one another."

There are but few pleasanter sights in this world than a family of children where love

prevails, and where all seek the good of others, and show their love for one another by working and planning and contriving to make each other happy.

I think you will agree with me that the story is a good one, and the spirit of it is worthy of imitation.

Sometimes this habit of industry may be exercised by an inventive genius in devising ways to obtain money for general or particular benevolent purposes. My next story will illustrate what I mean, in this direction.

It is entitled —

FIRST EARN, THEN GIVE.

"Papa, please give me ten cents?"

"What for, my son?"

"To put in the contribution-box."

"Here is five cents; that will do today."

"Thank you, papa."

And the little fellow skipped along by his

father's side, going to church one bright Sunday morning several years ago.

But I could hardly listen to the sermon, so absorbed was I in thinking of that little boy. He was a bright little fellow, with blue eyes and curly hair, and I felt from his very looks and elastic step that he was a good boy. But I want to tell you about another little boy, who really envied him, as he danced along by his father's side. This little fellow, whose name was Henry, was on his way to Sunday school that same morning, when he met with an accident which obliged him to turn about and go home again. He had six cents in his pocket to put in the collection that day, to help buy new books for the Sabbath-school library. But his father had not given him the money, for he was poor. The Sunday school which Henry attended was a small one, in a little mission church, in the suburbs of one of our New England

cities, and was at this time making a great effort to get an addition to its small library. The superintendent had told the children that it was far better for them to *earn* the money which they gave than to have it given to them by their parents. He told them of the little boy who collected a good sum of money for the missionaries by carrying around among his friends an ox's horn, with the large end plugged up and a slit in it where the money could be dropped in, which was labeled, —

> "Once I was the horn of an ox,
> But now I am a missionary box."

He advised the boys and girls to try to earn the money they brought, and gave some suggestions how it could be done. I do not know how many, if any, followed those suggestions; but I do know that some of them invented plans of their own, and earned the money, and contributed liberally for that

library. Let me tell you how some of the boys did it.

Henry was a small boy, only six years old. He could not do many kinds of work. Indeed he could not think for some time of any way by which he could earn a penny. At last, he thought of *his* way, and during the week preceding the Sunday of which I have spoken he put his plan in practice.

He went around the neighborhood, through the streets and open lots, and picked up every bone and every piece of paper that he saw, and on Saturday sold them to the junk dealer, by which he earned *six cents.* This money he was carrying to the Sunday school when he overheard the little blue-eyed boy asking his father for the ten cents. When his father gave him only five, Henry smiled, and thought to himself, "Well, I have more than he, and *I have earned mine;* it was not given to me." I am sorry to say that just

then Henry stepped into a hole in the sidewalk, and sprained his ankle so badly that he could not get to Sunday school, but was obliged to go home. Yet, even in his pain, he was not to be deprived of the pleasure of giving the money he had earned, and so sent it along by his sister.

Now let me tell you of another boy, who wanted to earn some money for that library. He found another plan. He was a little fellow of about eight years, and his name was Eddie. His mother was a widow, and earned a scanty support for herself and her children by sewing. Eddie asked his mother to give him some money for the library, and she was obliged to tell him she had none. At first Eddie felt very badly, but after a while he began to think whether there was any way for *him* to earn something. Across the half-graded street from the little cottage where his mother lived was an open field, then

thickly covered with those large, round, white and yellow daisies. These flowers he picked, and carried them to an herb store, and sold them for *four* cents a pound. Afterwards he and his brother Georgie picked red clover blossoms, and sold them at two cents a pound, and then *white* clover blossoms at *five* cents a pound. I think these two little boys earned in a few weeks more than a dollar and a half in this way, which they contributed toward buying those new books. But I must tell you what one other little boy of about eight years did. His name was Walter. He wanted to do something for the library, and, as he could think of nothing by which he could earn money immediately, he invented the following plan:

His father had a little garden, and had allowed him to plant in a small bed whatever he chose. Singularly enough he had chosen to plant a bed of citrons. These he weeded

and hoed, and watched and watered, until in the fall he found daily ripening a goodly number of nice citrons. When they were fully ripe he inquired at the stores the price of citrons, and then, placing his price somewhat lower than the market value, he carried his citrons about the neighborhood upon his little cart, and sold them all, and handed in the money to the Sunday school for the library fund. If I remember correctly, he secured something over two dollars.

I have indicated to you by these stories some ways in which boys *have earned* money for good purposes. Though you may not, and probably could not, do *exactly* the same thing, yet as these boys invented ways of doing what they desired to do, so I think, if you have the *desire*, you also will invent a way of accomplishing your desire. "Where there is a will there is a way." "Find a way or make a way."

XXIV.

A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

FEW boys in school appear to be fond of the study of history. They not infrequently call it dull and dry. Sometimes they are inclined to get excused from the study. A few years later in life, when they have a more mature judgment, they usually form a much higher idea of its value, and find it more interesting and instructive. But should the principle of elective studies, now so popular at Harvard, reach the upper classes in the grammar schools, history, it is to be feared, would soon be left in a hopeless minority.

When, however, boys are permitted to omit the study of history, and pay but little

attention to the subject till they are past sixteen or eighteen years of age, they seldom recover what they have lost. During all their subsequent lives they never cease to regret that they neglected the opportunity, when their memories were fresh and active, to become familiar with the general outlines and the main facts of history. There is "no lamp by which our feet may be guided but the lamp of experience." "What man has done, man may do." Yet the experience of the human race is what we call history. "What man has done" is recorded on the pages of history.

Let me this morning present to you some unique illustrations from history, somewhat out of the ordinary channels of thought, it may be, but which I hope will show not only that all the world are wonderfully dependent upon one another, but also that what may seem to be remote and inconse-

quential are in reality more clearly connected to us and to our interests than at first would appear.

Every one knows how impossible it is for any one, at this day of general travel and intercommunication between all nations, to hide himself and remain unknown in any part of the world. A man having committed a crime in Boston may seek concealment in a remote state of South America; but it will not be long before some one who formerly knew him will step in, recognize him, and call him by his former name. Bank officers are said to go to Canada, sometimes, but it is not because they can be hidden there. Mutineers upon the high seas can now find no land under the sun whither they can flee and be unknown.

Neither could one escape from his friends, if, for any reason, he should conceive the desire to do so. Even the boys from this

school can scarcely find a spot where they will not meet some former schoolmate. Last summer a graduate of this school was spending a day in Kansas City, and while there he met four other graduates, all of whom were living in the immediate vicinity.

But not only are all countries interlocked and intertwined one with another, so that it is important to be intimately acquainted with the present condition of the whole world, but the ages are more closely connected than one might suppose, which makes a knowledge of all races and all times a necessity, in order to do business the most successfully.

"Light Horse Harry" Lee was a conspicuous figure in the Revolutionary War, and that was more than a hundred years ago. Yet his own son was the most prominent officer in the army of the South, during the late Rebellion. But to a casual observer,

who has not made a close study of history, the period of the Revolution would appear to be several generations back of Secession and the Confederacy.

It frequently seems, to one who has not carefully studied and reflected upon the history of this country, that the age of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, the first settlers in New England, was generations and generations ago. My great-grandfather's great-grandfather was contemporary with Roger Williams, and Miles Standish, and Governor Winthrop; yet it is true, in a certain sense, that there is but *one link* between our time and the period of those old pioneers. A person born, say in 1720, could have conversed with old people who had been in *their* younger days acquainted with the early settlers, and they in turn, living to be eighty or ninety years of age, would reach down into the period of those who, born perhaps

in 1800 or 1810, are still living to tell us the anecdotes of their childhood. In 1872 I heard an aged lady, then a hundred years old, tell what happened "the year the war broke out"; that is, in 1775, *ninety-seven years before*. Thus it may be said that but a single generation stands between the first settlers of New England the and people of today. So, reckoning the space of one life as eighty years, we find that there are but three links *between* our period and the time of Columbus and Luther, Henry VIII. and Tyndale, and the introduction of knives and forks for table use.

If this is not at first apparent, I pray you to reflect that the age of which I speak was substantially four centuries ago; that it reached forward eighty years; that our own age may be regarded as reaching backward eighty years; and that two periods of eighty years taken from four hundred, leave

but *three* periods of eighty years between them.

And from the beginning of the Christian era, when Christ and Cæsar, Virgil and Pompey, Cicero and Josephus, and Paul and Peter were fulfilling their earthly destiny, but twenty-two or twenty-three of our life-time periods of eighty years have intervened, and seventy-five such ages will carry us back to the Garden of Eden, and we can interview our first parents, Adam and Eve.

I do not mean to be understood that the persons just named as belonging to the time of Christ were exactly contemporary with each other, but only as living near the same period. Cicero and Virgil were a generation before Christ, and Paul and Josephus came into the generation following.

An old tradition has come down to us to the effect that Paul, on his way to Rome, when he had appealed to Cæsar, being de-

layed at Puteoli, went up to the hill Pansilipo to shed a tear over the tomb of Virgil, and thought how much he might have made of that noble soul if he had but found him still on earth. An old Latin hymn is still extant, which tells the incident in this way: —

"Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Piae rorem lacrymae:
Quantum, dixit, te fecissem,
Si te vivum invenissem,
Poetarum maxime!"

The condensed phraseology of the verse scarce admits a literal translation of its touching thought, but I find in an old book a free paraphrase, which will give quite a clear idea of the force of the original: —

"On his way to Nero's Court,
When at Puteoli's port,
At the tomb where Virgil slept,
Paul, in thoughtful sadness, wept;

Wept, that he of world-wide fame
Should have died ere Jesus came!
In his musings, unexpressed,
This the thought that swelled his breast:
'Oh! that I had found thee living
In the light the Cross is giving;
Could have seen thee, from above
Taught to know a Saviour's love;
Then, with love to Christ supreme,
Thine had been a nobler theme;
And thy harp, in loftiest lays,
Down the ages rolled His praise!'

. . . . . .

Thoughtful and sad, Paul from the hill went down
To Rome, to prison, to a heavenly crown."

We must confess that it is not common thus to couple the names of Virgil and Paul together, as though there was a bond of sympathy between them, but Paul would adopt the sentiment of that famous Latin motto, —

"*Humani nihil alienum.*"

One of the most striking pictures presented

by that gifted author, J. T. Headley, in his "Sacred Mountains," is the contrast that he makes in regard to Mount Tabor. He speaks of the "contrasts of earth," and likens our world to a "middle spot between heaven and hell," which partakes of the character of both. "The glory from the one and the midnight shades from the other meet along its bosom, and the song of angels and the shriek of fiends go up from the same spot. Noonday and midnight are not more opposite than the scenes that are constantly passing before our eyes." "Truth and falsehood walk side by side through our streets, and vice and virtue meet and pass every hour of the day."

"It was a bright spring morning. A form was seen standing on Mount Tabor. He sat on his steed in the clear sunlight, his eye resting on a scene in the vale below, which was sublime and appalling enough to quicken

the pulsations of the calmest heart. That form was Napoleon Bonaparte, and the scene before him the fierce and terrible battle of Mount Tabor."

"Amid the twenty-seven thousand Turks that crowded the plain and enveloped their enemy like a cloud, and amid the incessant discharge of artillery and musketry, Napoleon could tell where his own brave troops were struggling only by the steady, simultaneous volleys, which showed how discipline was contending with the wild valor of overpowering numbers." "Thrown into confusion and trampled under foot, that mighty army rolled turbulently back toward the Jordan, where Murat was anxiously waiting to mingle in the fight. Dashing with his cavalry among the disordered ranks, he sabered them down without mercy, and raged like a lion amid his prey. This chivalric and romantic warrior declared that the remembrance of

the scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor, and on those thrice-consecrated spots, came to him in the hottest of the fight and nerved him with tenfold courage." "Roll back the centuries, and again view that hill. The day is bright and beautiful as then, and the same rich, Oriental landscape is smiling in the light of the same sun. There is Mount Tabor, the same on which Bonaparte stood with his cannon; and the same beautiful plain, where rolled the smoke of battle, and where struggled thirty thousand men in mortal combat. But how different is the scene that is passing there! The Son of God stands on that height and casts his eye over the quiet valley through which Jordan winds its silver current. Three friends are beside him. Far away to the northwest shines the blue Mediterranean; all around is the great plain of Esdrelon and Galilee; eastward, the lake of Tiberias dots the landscape, while

Mount Carmel lifts its naked summit in the distance. But the glorious landscape at their feet is forgotten in a sublimer scene that is passing before them. The Son of Mary — the carpenter of Nazareth — begins to change before their eyes. Heaven has poured its brightness over that consecrated spot, and on the beams of light which glitter there, Moses and Elias have descended, and, wrapped in the same shining vestments, stand beside him."

Then follows a minute and wonderfully graphic picture of the transfiguration, ending with the mysterious voice in the words, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him."

"Can there be a stranger contrast than the battle and the transfiguration upon Mount Tabor? One shudders to think of Bonaparte and the Son of God on the same mountain; one with his wasting cannon by his side, and

the other with Moses and Elias just from Heaven."

But you say the two scenes are separated by eighteen centuries. What are eighteen centuries but a moment of time only? Time is measured not by seconds and centuries, but by deeds. Actions are the hour-strokes, and annual marks, and century records of the world. Cause and effect and motives are the criteria by which the deeds of this world are to be judged. "Time's effacing fingers" act only on the physical world, and not on the mental and moral world. In that realm time is *nothing*. It can neither add to nor take from the actions of our race; it is by them that individuals and nations are to be judged. What study, then, can be more vital in interest, more attractive in material, or more fruitful in utility than the study of the annals of mankind? It puts vitality and an enthusiastic glow of transfigured interest and mean-

ing into all subjects which come before the mind for consideration. Have pity for the boor of whom Wordsworth says, —

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

But fill your own souls with such a knowledge of this world's contents that your vision can see more than the "yellow primrose," when you look upon the little modest flower "by the river's brim." And remember that the world's knowledge is divided into two grand divisions, neither of which can be omitted without serious loss, — the realm of nature and the realm of humanity. Were either to be slighted, it surely should not be humanity, or the history of mankind. Nature itself would be sorely deficient and incomplete without the crowning work of the creation, — man. If then we can "look through *nature* up to nature's God," surely

much more and with far greater ease may we in the history of the human race, its aspirations, its failures, and its triumphs, see the ladder that Jacob saw, which reaches upward to the celestial land where God abides, and where his throne is fixed.

XXV.

WHAT GEOMETRY WILL DO FOR A BOY. — HOW PRESIDENT LINCOLN BECAME AN EXPERT REASONER.

NOW, boys, let us have a little talk about geometry. You know it has been a famous study for boys for many ages. Euclid was an old Egyptian, who lived about three hundred years before Christ. His treatise on geometry has been the foundation for all modern works upon the subject. Plato, who lived a century earlier, founded a noted academy at Athens, and it is related that over its entrance he placed this celebrated inscription, *Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here.*

This branch has been considered an important part of a good education for two thousand years. Yet I hear many boys in these

days saying, "I don't like geometry. I wonder what good it will do me."

I once heard a very interesting story about Abraham Lincoln, which may help you to understand the "good." Before Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for President, he made a tour through New England, and lectured in many cities and towns. Among other places, he spoke in Norwich, Ct. A gentleman who heard him, and was struck with his remarkable logical power, rode the next day in the cars with Mr. Lincoln to New Haven. During the ride, the following conversation took place: —

"Mr. Lincoln, I was delighted with your lecture last evening."

"Oh, thank you; but that was not much of a lecture; I can do better than that."

"I have no doubt of it, Mr. Lincoln; for whoever can do so well, must inevitably be able to do better."

"Well, well, you are a good reasoner, are n't you? That is cute."

"But that reminds me," continued the gentleman, "to ask how you acquired your wonderful logical power. I have heard that you are entirely self-educated, and it is seldom that I find a self-educated man who has a good system of logic in his reasoning. How did you acquire such an acute power of analysis?"

"Well, Mr. G., I will tell you. It was my terrible discouragement which did that for me."

"Your discouragement: what do you mean?"

"You see," said Mr. Lincoln in reply, "when I was a young man I went into an office to study law. Well, after a little while I saw that a lawyer's business was largely to prove things. And I said to myself, 'Lincoln, when is a thing proved?'

That was a poser. I could not answer the question. What constitutes *proof?* Not evidence; that was not the point. There may be evidence enough, but wherein consists the *proof?*

"You remember the old story of the German, who was tried for some crime, and they brought half a dozen respectable men who swore that they saw the prisoner commit the crime. 'Vell,' he replies, 'vat of dot? Six men schwears dot dey saw me do it. I prings more nor two tozen goot men who schwears dey did *not* see me do it.'

"So, wherein is the proof? I groaned over the question, and finally said to myself, 'Ah, Lincoln, you can't tell.' Then I thought, 'What use is it for me to be in a law office if I can't tell when a thing is proved?' So I gave it up and left the office, and went back home, over in Kentucky."

"So you gave up the law?"

"Oh, Mr. G., don't jump at your conclusions; that is n't logical. But really I did give up the law, and I thought I should never go back to it. This was in the fall of the year. Soon after I returned to the old log-cabin, I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had not the slightest notion what Euclid was, and I thought I would find out. I found out; but it was no easy job. I looked into the book and found it was all about lines, angles, surfaces, and solids; but I could not understand it at all. I therefore began, very deliberately, at the beginning; I learned the definitions and axioms; I demonstrated the first proposition; I said, that is simple enough; I went on to the next and the next; and before spring I had gone through that old Euclid's geometry, and could demonstrate *every proposition* like a book.

"I knew it all from beginning to end. You could not stick me on the hardest of

them. Then, in the spring, when I had got through with it, I said to myself one day, 'Ah, do you know now when a thing is proved?' And I answered right out loud, 'Yes, sir, I do.' 'Then you may go back to the law shop'; and I went."

"Thank, you, Mr. Lincoln, for that story. You have answered my question. I see now where you found your logical acumen; you dug it out of that geometry."

"Yes, I did; often by the light of pitch-pine knots; but I got it. Nothing but geometry will teach you the power of abstract reasoning. Only that will tell you when a thing is proved."

Said Mr. G., "I think this is a remarkable incident. How few men would have thought to ask themselves the question, When is a thing proved? What constitutes proof? And how few young men of today would be able to master the whole of Euclid in a

single winter, without a teacher. And still fewer, after they had done so much, would have realized and acknowledged what geometry had done for them; that it had told them what proof was."

So, my young friends, you may perhaps see by this incident what geometry will do for a boy.

XXVI.

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

NOTE.—Richmond was evacuated by the Confederates on Sunday, April 2, 1865. The next day, Monday, the Union troops took possession of the city. Some time before, my pupils had asked for a holiday to celebrate some minor Federal victory. I told them that that victory hardly warranted a holiday for the school, but when Richmond was captured they should celebrate it by a holiday. On Monday morning, therefore, April 3, 1865, the boys, *en masse*, asked for a holiday. The request was granted; but as we were already assembled, it was thought best to have a short session, with brief exercises, appropriate to the occasion. It was at that time and under those circumstances that the following talk was given to the boys.

THE newspapers inform us that the Federal army is now in possession of Richmond, the capitol of the Confederate States of America. Practically this must prove to be the beginning of the end. The close of this

civil war is at hand. Thank God for that. It is high time the fratricidal contest was terminated. So far as it has been a contest between free labor and slave labor, the South will lose; for slavery will not survive the overthrow of the Confederacy. And to a large extent slavery is at the bottom of the whole difficulty. Ever since the beginning of the Federal government the balance of power has been carefully guarded in the United States senate. Prior to 1800 three new states had been added to the original thirteen, — New Hampshire, Kentucky, and Tennessee. This made eight free states and eight slave states. Then Ohio and Louisiana being admitted left the condition the same, nine states on each side. Then Indiana and Mississippi were admitted, then Illinois and Alabama, then Maine and Missouri. But not till after the vigorous strife which resulted in the Missouri Compromise.

Then followed Arkansas and Michigan, Florida and Iowa, Texas and Wisconsin, and the spell was broken in 1850 by California choosing for herself a free constitution, when, from her latitude, it had been supposed she would make a slave state.

Even the annexation of Texas, and the conquest and purchase of Northern Mexico, failed to help the slave power. It was doomed.

When the war broke out four years ago, no one dreamed what was before this nation. I well remember dismissing school and going down to the wharf to see the first Rhode Island regiment embark upon the boat that took them to the scene of conflict. On my return a friend said to me, "When do you propose to enlist?" I replied, "Oh, I don't know, I think I shall go in the fifth regiment." Little did any one that day suppose that this little State would be called upon to

send five regiments into the field, not to say ten regiments of infantry, a regiment of light batteries and two or three regiments of cavalry. Even Secretary of State Seward thought that ninety days would finish the war. But his former utterance was the true one, when he characterized the anti-slavery struggle as "The irrepressible conflict." Slowly but steadily the slave power had become more and more aggressive, and more and more determined to rule the nation or to destroy it. That power culminated in the administration of President Buchanan, and upon the election of Abraham Lincoln the moment had come for the blow to be struck. But the change of administration had brought with it an entire change of policy for the nation.

During Mr. Buchanan's term, the mint issued that small copper cent alloyed with nickel, with the hideous looking flying bird

on one side of it. It was this coin that Theodore Parker characterized as follows: "The government has become so corrupt that it has erased the word *liberty* from the coins of the country, taken away the eagle, the emblem of freedom, and substituted instead thereof an *ill-looking, ravenous vulture.*" But one of the first coins issued by Secretary Chase, under President Lincoln, was the two-cent piece, which bore as a motto, "*In God we Trust.*" It is believed that this was the first time in the history of our land that a religious motto appeared upon any coin issued by the national mint. This change seemed to be an agreeable augury of the altered character of the nation in its aims and its aspirations.

The war is now, in all probability, substantially ended. For four years the cry has been, "On to Richmond"; but there seemed to be a fatality preventing Union soldiers

from getting into that city, except as prisoners of war. Now that the capital of the Confederacy which established itself upon the corner-stone of human slavery has fallen, the army will not long withstand the steady march of Sherman, and the heavy poundings of Grant.

The abolition of slavery, which was a war measure, by proclamation of the President, must be enforced by a constitutional amendment. Surely, the conflict was "irrepressible," and the two systems of free labor and slave service could not abide under one government. The one or the other must give way. Thank God, it was not the former. Well may we say with the great poet, —

> "Let truth and falsehood grapple;
> Who ever knew truth put to the worse
> In fair and open conflict."

But what next? First a breathing spell; then recuperation and mutual forbearance,

forgiveness, and reconciliation. And then, what? Then progress, progress, progress, more rapid than the nation has ever yet seen. The upbuilding of the impoverished South, the education and elevation of the freedmen, the introduction of manufacturing into that section; the pushing of the western frontier farther and farther till it meets the "Great South Sea," and there the great Republic will find its western limit.

If this gigantic attempt to divide the nation upon lines of latitude, with the rebellious section upheld by such a powerful motive as the retention and propagation of slavery; if this great rebellion with its immense strength has failed, we may well feel assured that, hereafter, no attempt will be made to divide the nation either by lines latitudinal or longitudinal, and the prophecy of that famous Rhode-Islander* will be quite

*Thomas W. Dorr, in 1853.

likely to prove true, that the stars and stripes will yet float from sea to sea, and from the gulf to the pole.

And now, my young friends, I heartily congratulate you upon your good fortune in "coming to the kingdom at such a time as this"; that you are just about to enter the arena of active life at a time when the nation is evidently establishing itself upon a firmer foundation than ever before, and commanding a higher respect from all nations than hitherto. Republican institutions will take a new lease of life, the speedy downfall of monarchies and oligarchies may be predicted, and the "glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together."

And now I counsel you to rise to the dignity of the situation. Remember the direction of the great apostle, when he encouraged his brethren, "Quit you like men; be strong." So I say to you, "Quit you like

men, be strong"; see to it "that the Republic receives no detriment." The next generation will see wondrous things; a more rapid development of the arts and sciences by this nation than has ever before been witnessed by any people on earth.

I hope you will heartily enjoy your holiday today, and may it be a day you will have occasion to remember as long as you live.

XXVII.

THE END OF THE YEAR.

THE year is drawing to a close. Our evenings are lighted by its last new moon. The morning of the year, with its sweet perfume of buds and flowers, its bright and luxurious foliage, and the melodious songs of the birds, came and went with its usual rapidity. The noonday sun of summer poured his life-giving beams upon us and upon all nature, but as quickly was *past*. Autumn then, sable Autumn, with its fruits and rich harvests, paid us a visit, just looking in at our doors, merely glancing at us to see if the children had had their suppers, and the cattle were well fed for the night; if the crib were locked and the

rose-bush covered up to protect it from the frost. Autumn, too, is gone, and now we are left to the cold mercies of bleak and rigid Winter. He is now here, and although occasionally his face is lighted up with a warm and genial smile, he cannot avoid showing the coldness of his natural disposition, and the chilling influence of his breath has been observed on every hand. We all button up our coats as if some thief or pick-pocket were around, and we were afraid of losing our pocket-books.

But even cold winter has its pleasures. Sometimes we think they outnumber and outweigh those of either of the other seasons. We have our Thanksgiving just at the threshold of winter, as if to usher in the coming season of pleasure. Then following close upon it are Christmas and New-Year's, making the trio of ever-to-be-remembered festivals of our glorious New England winter.

The boys have the fun of coasting and skating, in which, of late years, the girls frequently join; and the girls have the pleasure of parties and social gatherings, to which, of course, the boys are invited; the men have their daily papers, with the proceedings of Congress, often exciting if not always elevating and beneficial, and promising a full share of interest to all parties the present season.

The winter schools, with all their excitements, and pleasures, and profit, flourish at this period; the lectures, the libraries, and last, but not least, the periodical literature, including the educational journals. In fact, we may say, like the people of California, we have but two seasons; not, however, like theirs, the wet and the dry, but the *reading* and the *labor* season.

Now, what I wish to say, although I have been a long time getting at it, is that

I wish you all a merry "Merry Christmas," and a hearty "Happy New Year." "Christmas is coming," and then, before we fairly wake up to the fact that it has come and gone, we hear each happy boy calling out to us, "A happy New Year."

Let the year close with thankfulness for its unnumbered blessings, with regrets for its many shortcomings, with hearty and strong resolutions for better things during the New Year; and then let us carry out all our good resolutions.

I have laid away in one of the drawers of my memory, bright recollections of the "Coronation of Winter," which came at Christmas and lasted till the morning of the New Year. It was a sight never to be lost from one's memory.

The old elms were bowed with the weight of the silver sheen, all covered with sparkling gems, swords, and spears, and swaying scep-

ters, fantastic shapes, and rainbow hues. That brilliant scene, with tree and shrub and house and fence and everything within sight covered with ice, suggested the following lines:

A CHRISTMAS SCENE.

All day the air was keen and sharp and cold;
All night the rain came rattling on the roof,
And on the trees and on the frozen ground;
And wheresoe'er it touched, 't was frozen fast.
The morning dawned! the clouds had passed away;
The sun came forth and shone with dazzling light,
When all around, both near and far away,
One saw, in truth, a brilliant, beauteous sight!
Each roof was glazed, the pavement coated o'er,
And every tree and shrub and stalk of last year's growth,
Which Autumn's chilling hand had naked stripped,
And, unprotected, left to winter's blast,
Was now well clothed in sparkling armor bright!
From every roof and tower, from spire and dome;
From every tree, whose waving branches bent
Beneath the ponderous load of polished mail;
From every spire of grass that upright stood;

From all around and o'er the country wide,
In rainbow hues the sparkling light was sent
In ever varying, ever twinkling rays.
Here brilliant diamonds, in Nature's casket set;
There gleaming swords in bristling sheaths encased,
Until the whole, so gorgeous and so bright,
Seemed more like Heaven than sin-stained, fallen earth.

Along the streets the crowds are hastening fast,
Or, pausing here and there in thoughtful mood,
To indulge the beauty of th' enchanting scene,
Or comment on the wondrous, sparkling hues.

A man of wealth, in crossing o'er the street,
Observes the *silvery* appearance of the sleet,
And fain would wish that all this icy crest
Were so much *d'argent* in his money chest.

A misanthrope next passes, on his way
To 'Change, to while away the gloomy day;
He sadly grumbles at "the sheer disguise,
Mere outside show, to cheat one's longing eyes."

We next observe, enchanted by the scene,
A beauteous girl, whose age is just sixteen,
Who dares to wish this gorgeous ice had been
Pearls and bracelets to deck her person in.

A school-boy next, upon his way to school,
Just stops and thinks, — but not about his rule, —
List now! He says: "Would all that icy tree
Were so much candy, Jim, for you and me."

With slow and pensive pace, a farmer see,
Muttering that this will spoil full many a tree,
Which now has borne for more than twenty years,
His greenings, Baldwins, peaches, and his pears.

That wretched miser thinks of naught but gold,
And clutching in his hand a diamond, icy cold,
He almost thinks it 's so much silver coin,
But when he opes his hand, behold, 't is gone.

Now comes a Christian, hastening up the street,
On deed of mercy bent, with willing feet;
His glistening eye, expressing peace within,
Drinks in with glowing rapture all the scene.

'T is he alone enjoys the beauteous *crown*
Of winter, and the diamonds scattered 'round;
'T is he alone who shows by deed or word
He "looks through nature up to nature's God."

Desiring not the transient wealth of earth,
He sees around him more than silver's worth;
He calls not so much beauty "mere disguise,"
Nor thinks of "gaudy pearls" to mock the eyes.

No school-boy's foolish wish disturbs his breast;
And since he knows "whatever is, is best,"
No silly fears for want of "next year's fruit"
Disturbs his peaceful mind, and makes him mute.

The wretched *miser's curse* affects him not;
Although he 's rich in all the world has got,
He ever strives to bless and honor God,
And spends his wealth and life in *doing good.*

The Christian man alone enjoys the scene!
With sinless eye and naught of guile within,
He thanks his God for such a glorious sight,
And prays for strength to do his duty right.

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